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# THE Girl

She can be just as important when he's walking behind a plow as when he's standing behind a gun. It all depends on the point of view

By ADAM ALLEN

Author of "Dynamo Farm"

**S**ASSY tapped the pencil against her teeth and stared out into the orchard.

"Characterization, plot, color, point of view—and the most important of these, if the purpose of your writing is to prove something, is likely to be your point of view." That's what Mr. Speaks had said in Composition II only last week.

Sassy had to prove something, all right. And she had to do it cleverly, so Gabe wouldn't suspect. She had to . . . It was really too difficult. She was sorry she had promised. But no—that wasn't true either.

In search of inspiration, she thought back carefully over everything Mrs. Charles had said that morning—not that any of it had been exactly news, of course. Gabe Charles had been saying it for months—every day on the way to school and back, every evening when he crossed the field between their two houses to do his homework with her. But Mrs. Charles made it sound different. She told it—there it was again—from a different point of view. Gabe had made it sound glamorous and exciting.

"I've got to get into action, Sas," he had said. "I can't stand it any more, sitting around and reading in the newspapers about other guys being heroic. It'll be almost two years before the Army'll take me, but I could get into the merchant marine now and see plenty of

action. I might even get to man a gun and . . . He had broken off to grab at an imaginary machine gun and swing it around the Bryce living room, making a noise with his tongue to imitate the rattling sound of rapid-fire shooting.

Sassy had thought for an instant that he sounded a little childish. But when he had rushed on to relate the latest story of merchant marine heroism, and she imagined how Gabe would look in a blue uniform, she was caught up in his excitement and murmured admiringly, "Oh, really?" and "That would be marvelous!"

But when Mrs. Charles told it: "We want to increase our production this year. Our country needs the food and so do our allies. And if Gabe goes off, the way he wants to, I just don't see how we could produce even as much as we did last summer." Her blue eyes were worried beneath the black hair that waved back from her forehead, and Sassy had thought how much like Gabe she looked.

"I guess it would be hard," she agreed.

Mrs. Charles smiled wryly. "I wouldn't mind if it would just be hard. I'm afraid it would be impossible. I've tried to hire more help—but your father knows as well as I do how difficult that is these days."

"Yes, I guess so."

After a moment Mrs. Charles went on. "If Gabe's father were still alive, perhaps he could make him see that farming is important work—not as thrill-



# BEHIND THE

# Boy



Gabe had broken off his sentence to grab up an imaginary machine gun.

ing as the merchant marine, maybe, but just as necessary. When I say it, Gabe just says I sound like a mother wanting to 'keep her baby at home.' Her voice mocked Gabe's affectionate jeers.

"Yes, I see." And for the first time Sassy really did see. She had thought of Gabe imitating the machine gun, and decided that he had looked very childish indeed.

It was then Mrs. Charles had leaned forward and said, "I thought perhaps you could help."

"Me?" Sassy's eyes opened wide.

"You're a farm girl. You know how important crops are, right now especially. And you're Gabe's age. If you talked it over with him he wouldn't think it was just

'sentimental nonsense.' Will you, dear?"

Sassy had thought about it for a long time, and then said she'd try.

But she kept remembering the way she had hung on Gabe's words about the thrill of sailing the ocean blue—especially when the ocean was infested with mines and submarines and clouded over with enemy planes. It was going to be pretty difficult now to make her changed attitude seem logical.

And then finally she had had her idea. She would put it all in a story, and let Gabe read it. He wouldn't be suspicious—Sassy was always writing stories—and this one would be so convincing that he would see the whole thing in a flash. That's what she'd do.

Characterization, plot, color,

point of view . . . Sure, but she had been staring out at the orchard for half an hour now, and still she couldn't think how to begin.

Maybe if she wrote about a young man who . . . That was it! Sassy picked up the pad of yellow paper and began.

That evening Gabe came over as usual for ping-pong in the Bryce playroom. Once he and Sassy had driven into the near-by city to a movie every Saturday night, but since the days of gas rationing they had been concentrating on ping-pong instead. They were both getting pretty good.

They played for an hour before they finally dropped exhausted on the couch.

"You win," Sassy murmured. "There's cider on the table, Gabe, and doughnuts."

And when he had sat down again, after filling the glasses, she spoke quickly.

"Gabe," she said, "I wrote a story today."

"You did? Swell!" His voice was barely polite, and he went on immediately, with a noticeable brightening. "You know, I was reading about the boys that manned the freighter *Colossus* when she crossed the Pacific, and . . ."

"Gabe, could I show you my story? There's a lot of stuff in it that I don't know much about—planes and motors and things. I thought maybe you'd look it over for me."

She held her breath until he said, "Why, sure, if you think I could help you any."



"What's the matter?" Gabe asked. "Sore because I won?" Sassy could have cried.



"Here it is." She pulled it out of the magazine rack at her side and handed it over.

"I wish you'd improve your handwriting," he grumbled a moment later, but he sounded a little abstracted, as if the story had already caught his interest.

So Sassy settled down and tried to follow his progress with her mind. First came the description of the young airplane mechanic working on the motor at the desert airport. Sassy had made it clear that he was a very good mechanic by having his captain praise him. But Sassy's hero only scowled at the flattering words and turned away. Because he had a great idea. He was determined to do something more exciting than mend motors all day long. He wanted . . .

Gabe read rapidly, and suddenly she could see that he was nearly finished. She cleared

her throat nervously and pretended to be very interested in her doughnut.

Gabe put the yellow sheets down and picked up his glass.

"Some guy, your hero," he murmured.

"Did you think so?" Sassy wished she were better at reading facial expressions.

"Did you?" Gabe looked at her over the top of his glass.

"Well, you see I . . ."

"Sure, you girls are all alike. You think anything that's spectacular is heroic. Well, all I can say is I'm glad you didn't introduce me to the guy in real life. I'd have probably punched his nose in."

"Oh, Gabe, why? Did I make him do something wrong?" A great hope was growing up in her heart, but she tried not to let it show. "I told you I didn't know much about things like airplanes, engines, and motors."

"Forget the motors. Or rather, don't forget them. That's your trouble. You do."

"What do you mean?"

"Look, Sas, I suppose girls don't understand about wars, so maybe it isn't your fault. But don't you realize that the man who takes care of the motors is doing just as important a job as those who fly the planes and drop the bombs?"

"Why, I suppose he is. I mean . . ."

"Certainly he is. A good mechanic is absolutely irreplaceable. Why, you even begin the story as if you knew that. You have a captain telling the mechanic how important he is. And then you let the guy go off half-cocked on that crazy stunt, taking the plane up all by himself."

Sassy kept her face straight and urged him on. "He just wanted to do something that seemed a more—well, exciting—part of the war. After all, he did bomb something important."

"All right. So he bombed something important. But, Sas," he leaned forward and looked at her with great seriousness, "you don't seem to get the point. It still wasn't his job to take that plane up in the air. Jumping jeeps, girl—an army has to have discipline. It trains men to do certain jobs—and it expects them to do them, not to rush off and do any old thing that happens to appeal to them at the moment. Suppose your hero had been shot down? Suppose he'd lost a plane that cost gosh-knows-how-many thousands of dollars? Or suppose he'd been needed on the field and he wasn't there? I guess you'd have had a little more trouble making him sound wonderful then, wouldn't you?"

Sassy opened her mouth to agree with him, hoping she wouldn't sound too enthusiastic, but he was still rushing on.

"Airplane mechanics are hard to train. They're valuable. And they're supposed to be on hand doing their jobs—not off trying to do somebody else's. The

(Continued on page 57)

Sassy wanted to tell Gabe how wonderful he was, but she knew she'd better not.





# Ride 'Em COWGIRL!

Presenting a combination of the old Wild West and modern youth—fifteen-year-old Mitzi Ann Lucas of Texas

By BLAKE GILPIN BOWMAN  
Associate Editor

**T**O most of us, cowboys and ten-gallon hats, busting broncos and riding range are parts of far-off glamour, known only in Hollywood westerns. But to fifteen-year-old Mitzi Ann Lucas, all that is just as humdrum as eating breakfast. Mitzi appeared at New York City's Madison Square Garden Rodeo in a ten-gallon hat at the age of six months. Only she wasn't wearing it; she was sleeping in it. Her mother, Tad Lucas, was competing in the bronco-busting contests!

Mitzi's mother held for many years the title of champion cowgirl of the world, competing in bronco busting and trick riding contests. Her father was a steer-wrestling champion. At their home in Fort Worth, Texas, the Lucas family has a riding ring and horses in their back yard. So it was natural for Mitzi to learn to ride almost before she learned to walk.

For her first encounters on horseback, Mitzi's father entrusted her to the care of old Doc. Doc was a veteran cutting-out horse, that is, a horse who is experienced in cutting steers out of the herd. Doc was a devoted and gentle animal, so with her father's admonition to hold on tight and let Doc do the rest, Mitzi let Doc teach her how to ride.

Once she knew the rudiments of riding, Mitzi's next ambition

was to be a trick rider, following her mother's seat in the saddle. Trick riding is a breathtaking series of acrobatics on horseback at high speed. Perhaps you've seen it. First the rider seems to be on the horse, then first thing you know he's done a handspring off, and on again. But mostly the rider seems to be in flight through the air while the horse is rapidly cantering around the ring. The trick rider can ride just as well under the horse's neck as in the saddle or standing on his hands in the saddle as well as sitting on it.

In Mitzi's mother's day, trick riding was a competitive sport for titles and prizes. Mitzi told us that the competition was so stiff and tricks so important that the riders would practice in secret rings so they could develop new neck-breaking stunts where no other rider would have a chance to steal the jump on them. Any new tricks they could develop were as closely guarded as the crown jewels. Trick riding is not quite so daredevil and competitive now, because there are no longer trick riding championships, just exhibitions.

Mitzi had her first chance to compete as a trick rider when she was only six, at a rodeo at the Colorado State Fair. Her mother was scheduled to go on but a broken arm sidelined her. So six-year-old Mitzi went in



Tiny and shy, Mitzi doesn't look like the capable cowgirl she is.

to pinch-hit for her most successfully.

From then on, Mitzi Ann Lucas was a regular competing rider at rodeos through the Southwest. And they led her straight to Madison Square Garden for the 18th Annual World's Championship Rodeo as an entrant in her own right.

Each year different communities of the Southwest choose the best-looking, most popular, and best-skilled horsewomen to represent their districts. From all these representatives, five are chosen to be Sponsor Girls at the Rodeo. The Sponsor Girls add beauty and glamour to the event, otherwise made up only of leathery cowboys. This year, Mitzi was the youngest of the five Sponsor Girls. Her part in the Rodeo was to ride herd on a large group of Texas Longhorn steers during the act of Roy Rogers, King of the Cowboys. It seemed as if Mitzi, who looked very slight and tiny on her little cow pony, would be hardly more annoyance and intimidation than a fly to the powerful steers. But she and the other girls herded them easily around the ring and kept them penned in one corner

(Continued on page 51)



# WHEN You're THE NURSE

You can have fun playing nurse to someone sick at home  
—and you will be a real help when you know the rules

By OLIVIA PETERSON

Director of Red Cross Home Nursing

**D**O YOU remember when you were a small fry and spent joyous afternoons playing nurse to your favorite doll, bandaging her broken limbs and feeding her gallons of let's-pretend medicine? Probably then you cherished dreams of the day when you would be a real nurse proudly wearing your white cap, your badge of service. But here you are—an in-between. Too old for let's pretend and too young to go into training.

Just the same, there is a real field of nursing open to you right now. Teen-age girls throughout the country are learning to be home nurses. Since the war has taken so many doctors and nurses into service, home nurses are called upon to supplement the work and share the burden of the remaining overrushed members of the medical profession.

For instance, what if your little brother should complain of a feeling of burning up, of being weak, of aches in his back and legs, and a sore throat? Let's say your mother is out of town and you don't want to worry your dad who is working at a defense job. Your family doctor's gone to war and the only other doctor you reach can't call until tomorrow. That is just the type of emergency where you can step in and take over as a nurse, if you are forearmed with a few of the basic skills like how to take temperature and pulse and how to run a sickroom.

Professionally, of course, the primary step is to diagnose the illness. But it's not for you to

say what's ailing Junior! You just have to assume the worst—that it might be anything from measles to flu. So the first thing you do is to get him into bed where he cannot infect anyone else, and where he can get sleep and rest. Assume your best cool, professional manner and don't get him excited. Because if you're excited and rushing around, he'll get excited, too, and that's a good way to send his temperature up.

Make sure that Junior is kept well covered up, his room well ventilated and kept at an even temperature of about 65°. After you have him tucked in, take his temperature and pulse and note them on a chart. Give him water and fruit juices, but not much food.

When the doctor does come, he may say it's twenty-four-hour grippe or just a cold. But even a cold is not to be sneezed at. That's just the way many epidemics start. If you take all the precautions whether you think it's a cold or not, you may be isolating a more serious communicable disease.

After the doctor arrives, he will give you particular directions in the care of the patient. But if you are undertaking the job of nursing the patient back to health, there are certain simple rules he'll expect you to know without definite instructions.

Cleanliness, order, and comfort are the three watchwords for the home nurse. Cleanliness is a safety measure for both the patient and the other members of the family. It

means keeping the patient and his bed free from perspiration and other body discharges, removing all soiled articles from the room, keeping down the dust, and washing your hands before and after serving food or drinks. Using paper handkerchiefs—to be dropped into a paper bag pinned to the side of the mattress—avoids the problem of having dirty and germ-filled handkerchiefs about. The filled bag can be burned and you run less danger of picking up germs.

Order means keeping a chart for the doctor and making a note of everything you do when you do it. This is especially important when taking temperatures and pulse. Medicines and toilet articles should be kept covered with a clean towel to protect them from dust and from the patient's view. A sick person certainly doesn't want to be reminded of his illness. Soiled dishes and linens should be whisked away, too, and wilted or fading flowers discarded promptly. They're depressing enough to a well person but doubly so to a sick one. They make him feel as wilted as the flowers. Order and neatness are meant for you, too. There is no comfort in having a harried, untidy person take care of you.

Many sickroom gadgets can be improvised for comfort. If there is going to be a long siege of illness, the bed should be raised to save the nurse from back strain. Blocks can be put under the legs to raise it to a convenient height. These blocks should be made from



solid, hard wood, ten to twelve inches high and six to eight inches square. In one end of each block, bore a hole four to six inches deep and large enough to admit the leg of the bed with or without casters. The hole should be not less than half as deep as the block in order to be sure the bed can't be tipped.

When the patient is well enough to sit up and take notice, he'll want a back rest. One can be improvised from a straight chair, placed bottom side up so that the legs lean against the head of the bed and the back forms an inclined plane. Or you can place a folded card table, breadboard, or washboard slantwise against the head of the bed and cover it with pillows. Overstuffed cushions from the davenport make good backrests, but they should be covered with pillowcases in order to protect them.

If your patient feels well enough to work or play in bed, you can make a lap table out of a soapbox or an orange crate. Simply knock out the sides of the crate, leaving the ends whole for legs. An ironing board could also be used for a lap table. Lay it across the bed and support the ends on two chairs.

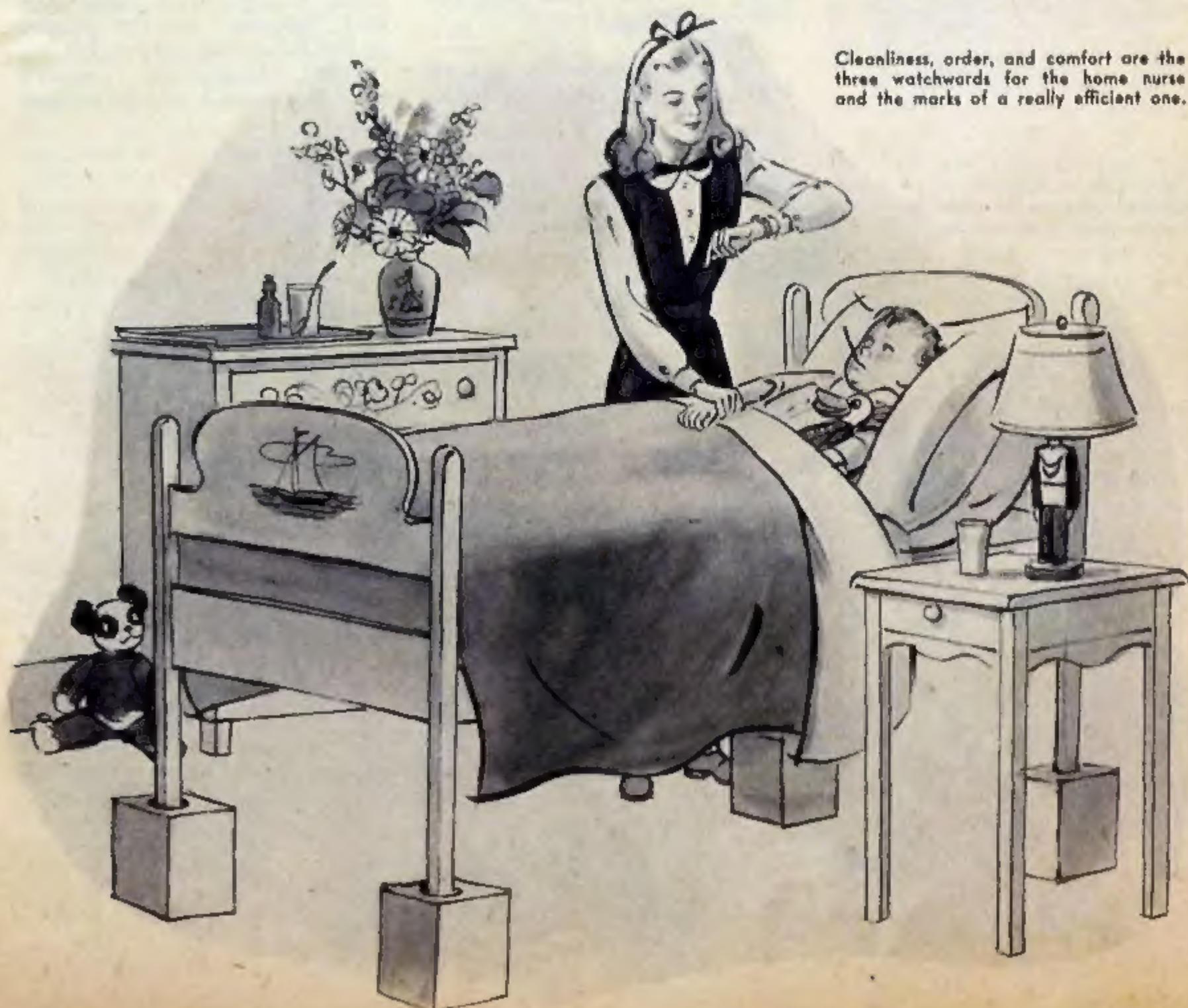
The routine which you must follow with your patient depends, of course, on the nature and severity of the illness, and the doctor's orders. Roughly, the schedule should cover:

- 1—Before-breakfast care. (This includes a glass of water or a hot drink, washing the face and hands, cleaning teeth, toilet or bedpan, and straightening the bed.)
- 2—Breakfast.
- 3—Bath.
- 4—Temperature and pulse.
- 5—Medicines and treatments

as ordered by the doctor.

- 6—Nap and rest period.
- 7—Midmorning nourishment and any straightening up of the patient and bed that may be necessary.
- 8—Lunch.
- 9—Visitors and light occupation or diversion if your patient is a convalescent.
- 10—Nap and rest period.
- 11—Straighten up room and patient and bed as necessary.
- 12—Supper.
- 13—Evening care. (This includes back rub or sponge bath, teeth cleaned, and toilet or bedpan.)
- 14—To sleep, and any night care that is necessary.

If your mother is the one who's been sent to bed, it may be your lot to take care of the baby, change the diapers, prepare bottles, and give baths. Here are some simple baby-  
(Continued on page 56)



Cleanliness, order, and comfort are the three watchwords for the home nurse and the marks of a really efficient one.



# Mystery in Ward 13

Gail thought life as a student nurse would be routine, but after the first day she knew anything could happen

By MARGARET SUTTON

Author of "Judy Bolton Mystery Stories"

## THE STORY UP TO NOW

When Gail Gardner, a Cadet Nurse, reported for her first day's work in the wards at City Hospital, she wondered where her friend Eva Fairfax, who was to work with her, could be. Miss Robinson, the head nurse, sent Gail to work in Ward 13. Miss Holly, a patient there, told Gail that she was keeping jewels in the bureau drawer. Gail worried about them because of the thefts that had been going on in Echo Hall, the nurses' home. Suddenly an oxygen tank began to hiss, and Miss Holly showed Gail how to turn it off. Then a wastebasket caught fire mysteriously, and Gail quickly doused it. Miss Robinson blamed Gail and the orderly, Jim Talt, for carelessness. As Gail pondered this, she heard a muffled call for help from down the hall. Now go on with Chapter II.

**H**ELP! Help!" Again Gail heard the frightened, muffled call. "It must come from some other part of the hospital," declared the head nurse. "None of our call lights is on. Well, I guess the excitement is over. You may as well go on making beds."

"Yes, Miss Robinson," Gail answered respectfully, "I'll bring the equipment from the linen closet right away."

"Help!"

The call came again as Gail started down the corridor

toward the linen closet. It seemed to be coming from one of the semi-private rooms. Gail hurried in.

"Did you call?" she asked a pretty young woman in a pink bed jacket who looked as if she were nearly well.

"No, I didn't. I've been reading." And she displayed a mystery magazine with the picture of a flaming building on the cover. Two firemen had just rescued a beautiful, golden-haired girl. A shadowy figure in the background suggested that the fire had not been an accident.

"It could have been this hospital," thought Gail. Aloud she said, "Maybe it was the patient in the other bed who called."

"Me? Sakes alive! It wasn't me," the second patient replied

There stood her friend, Eva Fairfax, looking very small and frightened against the piles of white sheets and spreads.





when Gail asked her. She was a thin woman with a frightened expression. She grasped Gail's hand and spoke in a lower tone. "It's spirits, nurse. They're trying to send messages through to the living. I declare, it gives me the creeps to lie here and listen."

The first patient laughed.

"A haunted hospital! That's a new idea for a mystery. Could you supply any ideas, nurse?"

"Could I!"

Gail hoped her reply hadn't been too emphatic. It wouldn't do to frighten the patients. But after what had just happened, she felt sure she could supply ideas for dozens of mysteries.

"Maybe you could explain that knocking," the patient went on more seriously. "We've been hearing it for quite a while now and it is disturbing."

"I'll see what it is," Gail promised and hurried out.

There must be something in the linen closet. Gail walked up to it and stopped dead still. She could hear a curious tapping sound inside. Spirits were supposed to tap out messages. And, if her suspicions were true, she was about to make the bed of a patient who had just died!

"I hope it's not invisible," Gail said to herself as she gave the handle of the door a strong tug. It flew open so unexpectedly that she nearly fell over backward. There stood her friend, Eva Fairfax, looking very small and frightened, with the piles of white sheets and spreads on the shelves behind her.

"What on earth!" exclaimed Gail. "I thought you were a ghost or something worse. Was that you calling? Have you been in here all this time?"

"Hours," wept Eva.

Gail looked at her watch. Actually it was forty minutes past the time when the two girls were supposed to report for duty on the wards, but she could easily understand why it had seemed like hours to her frightened classmate.

"What happened?" she asked. "Why on earth have you been

hiding in this linen closet?"

"Hiding! Don't be a goon, Gail. I wasn't hiding."

"Then why . . ."

"I thought I'd get my linen ready before I reported to the head nurse," Eva explained, her voice still trembling a little. "It would have saved time if the door hadn't stuck. At first I was too scared to call. I guess I should have gone straight to the desk."

"I guess you should," agreed Gail. It would have been tragic if it hadn't been so funny. Eva was wiping her eyes on a nine-tailed binder that had been caught in the linen closet door.

"That's probably what made it stick. It's a torn binder anyway. You'll have to throw it down the laundry chute when you're through with it," Gail warned her friend. "Don't make a mistake and fall down yourself. Glory! I didn't think things like this happened except in stories."

"Where was everybody?" questioned Eva, taking a small compact out of her uniform pocket and beginning to repair her damaged complexion. "I thought surely somebody would be coming for linen. You've been making beds, haven't you, Gail?"

Speechless, Gail and Eva looked up at Miss Platt. How could they possibly have made such a stupid mistake?



"Not yet," Gail told her. "I've been turning off oxygen and putting out fires. You know, little things like that."

"Little things! Gail, you're joking?"

"I wish I were. I had just finished washing a couple of beds and was about to empty my cleaning pail when I noticed something burning in a wastebasket. I—I put it out with the water. The head nurse was grateful. Oh, very grateful!" Gail added with sarcasm. "She can't help wondering how the blaze could have started with only me in the ward. I think she doesn't believe I turned off the oxygen either. Don't ask me who turned it on. I wouldn't know. Miss Holly says things happen by themselves around here and I'm beginning to believe her."

"You're talking in riddles, Gail. Who's Miss Holly?"

"My favorite patient. A tiny, wrinkled old lady who looks about a hundred. But the minute she speaks you get the impression that she's really young. And when she laughs—but maybe that wasn't Miss Holly. Anyway, she told me how to turn off the oxygen."

"Gail! Weren't you scared?"

"Petrified," she admitted, "but somebody had to do it. I





The little woman was sitting straight up in bed. She seemed excited and distraught. "Quick," she gasped. "Look in that drawer and see if my jewels are safe."

thought she was a charity patient until she told me about her jewels."

"Meaning Miss Holly, of course? Miss Holly's jewels?"

"Yes, believe it or not, she keeps them in a bureau drawer right in the ward and worries constantly for fear someone will steal them. I told her I'd take them to the safe myself if Dr. Britt would let me. Outside of that," Gail finished, "it's been a dull day. I missed you, Eva. I thought we'd be working together. I certainly never expected to find you trapped! What'll we tell the head nurse?"

"Is she strict?"

"Terribly," Gail said. "She never smiles. She has what is known as the stony manner."

"Sh!" Eva whispered. "Here she comes."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Miss Robinson, hurrying toward them. "If it isn't our missing preclinical! Where have you been?"

Eva explained in a weak voice.

"This will teach you never to close a closet door behind you," Miss Robinson said without much sympathy.

"But I didn't," Eva protested. "Someone else closed it. I didn't see who it was, but I'm sure it was done on purpose."

"You are imagining things,

Miss Fairfax," declared Miss Robinson. "You are Miss Fairfax, I presume. You're so small you probably weren't noticed."

"But I was noticed . . ."

"That will do, Miss Fairfax. A good nurse is not superstitious. Now there are two of you to make beds. Bring everything in one trip. And hurry! The patient in the corner has already been taken to X-ray. She'll be back before her bed is ready if you lose any more time."

Silently, the two girls counted out the supplies. Returning to Ward 13, they placed everything on top of the bureau where Miss Holly had said her jewels were kept. A visitor had come in while they were out. Gail recognized him as the gray-eyed sailor she had directed to the old Medical Building the week before. He was sitting in a chair beside the bed she and Eva were about to make.

"Nurse," he asked, rising quickly. "Where have they taken my mother?"

"Up to X-ray," Gail reassured him. "She'll be back soon."

"Shall I wait?"

"Why don't you come back in about half an hour?" Gail suggested.

Usually visitors were not allowed in the wards until afternoon, but the hospital had made

an exception for men and women in uniform. The sailor promised to return and the two girls hurried with their bed-making, pulling everything tight.

"It looks nice, doesn't it?" asked Gail when they had finished.

"It looks beautiful," declared Eva, "just like a field covered with snow."

They were just placing the pillow in position when their teacher, Miss Platt, appeared. She glared at the pile of linen on the bureau.

"What is this?" she demanded. "Haven't you been taught to place your linen on the overbed table? And why have you made a closed bed? Weren't you told that the patient had gone to X-ray?"

Gail and Eva looked at each other, speechless. How could they have made such a stupid mistake? Miss Platt had told the class that if a patient was up in a chair the bed was to be made as an open bed. Naturally, the same rule would apply if the patient had gone to X-ray. Finally Gail found her voice.

"I'm sorry, Miss Platt," she apologized. "We—we were just a little excited and didn't use our heads."

"Excited? Why?"

Apparently she hadn't been told. Gail didn't feel like relating her adventure all over again. Miss Platt might be suspicious, too.

"Whenever anything goes wrong," she told herself grimly, "people just naturally suspect me. It was bad enough to be accused of stealing the superintendent's things. Now if they think I started that fire . . ."

"I'll fix the bed," Eva offered quickly, changing the subject before Gail had thought up an answer.

Together they fanned back the covers, wrinkling them as they did so. Miss Platt showed them how to do it neatly and finally it was right. Eva sighed. The bed no longer looked like

(Continued on page 42)

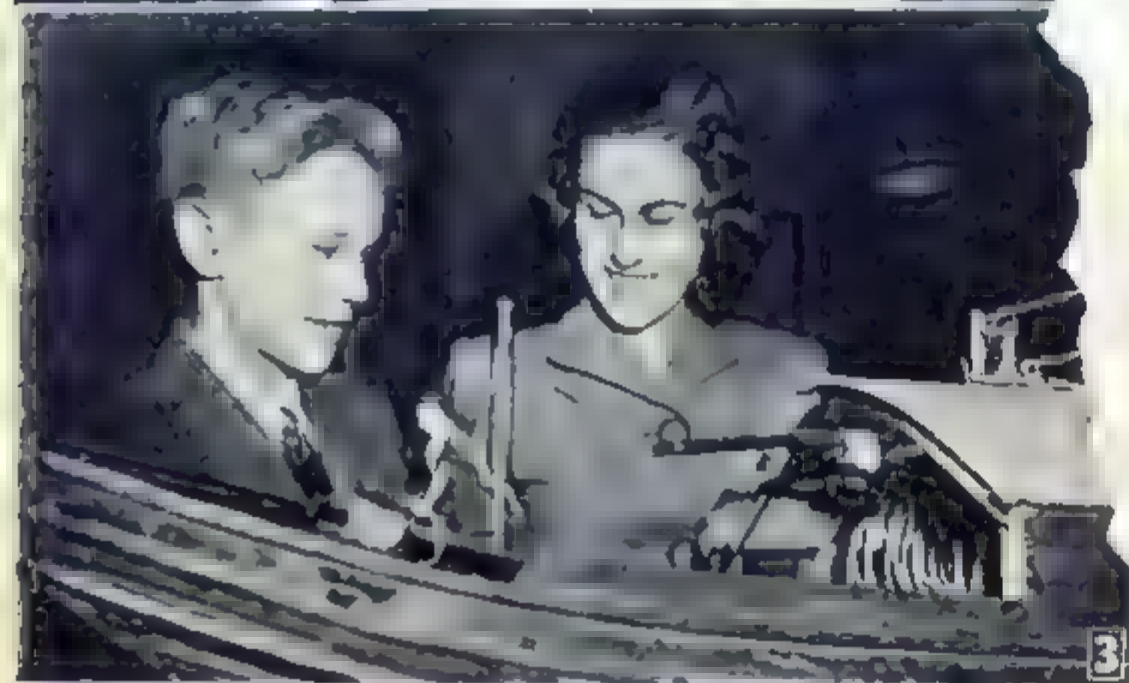




1



1—Penicillin girl. That's what Gerson Smith, Denver, Colo., Camp Fire Girl, is called because that precious new drug is aiding her recovery from osteomyelitis. Of all her remembrances, she is proudest of a year's subscription to **CALLING ALL GIRLS** given to her by her Camp Fire group.



3

2—Treasure hunt. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City girls and boys have set up their own Junior Museum. Rolfa Shneller and Patricia Fritscher sketch a display. *Wide World Photo*

3—Ships of statesman. The President's grandchildren Curtis, 13, and Eleanor, 16, whose mother is Mrs. Anna Roosevelt Boettiger, inspect their grandfather's boat models. *International News Photo*

4—A spot of murder? Patty O'Shea and Lorna Lynn offer the poison cup to Edwin Zimmerman during the Professional Children School's version of "Arsenic and Old Lace." *International News Photo*

5—All aboard. During the 4-H Congress in Chicago, rural electrification contest winners were entertained aboard the Navy training ship, U.S.S. Wilmette. *Westinghouse Photo*



4 5





Jan Zosia dołci chłostawa  
Gdy nauczył odzyskał nakał ośmióty. do kade dziecko...

ma madać kszakę do nauki polskiego  
sobie, że przecież to nakał nie panna nauka  
więc trzeba swychało kszakę, cho-  
umyśliła sobie gdzie schowa w domu  
się z niej nadał wrzyć w domu jej  
Pocichotku włożyła sobie przypię-  
pausie zapiewała dzieciom na pod-  
Michał kade kszakę schowa. do-  
Niemcom się mada — bród Bo-  
Ucząc się na niej — let Polaci  
Dziś Niemcom kszakę to kade schor-  
Na drugiej pausie jut kade dziecko nie przyni-  
No oszczęny rana nie jedno dziecko nie przyni-  
do oddania Niemcom.  
Z mamą w więzieniu.  
Siedmiolatka Jedynka został  
przez Niemców. Tatusia nie...

## JUNIOR UNDERGROUND

Throughout Poland girls and boys, as well as their elders, find ways to carry on the fight for freedom

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

THE stone cellar was damp and dark. The solitary candle, fat with melted tallow, had almost burned out, and its fluttering light cast only a dim glow. But the group around the hand printing press did not seem to notice the lack of light.

A thin, dark boy was sitting on an upturned barrel, close to the candle, writing. He would lick his stub of a pencil to make it write blacker. A tall girl, with long, yellow braids, was setting type. Three others, a boy and two girls, were operating the press; one girl thrust paper in, the boy turned the hand crank, the other girl folded the printed sheets.

Suddenly a new draft streamed into the cellar and gutted the candle. Somewhere above, a door had been opened. There were running steps down the passage. A breathless boy hurried himself into the room.

"They are searching the quarter!"

"You are sure, Michal?" The

boy who had been writing was already collecting his materials.

"Yes, Jan. I was under the steps of the Gestapo headquarters. I heard. Yesterday when they chased Wanda they tracked her to this district."

"It is my fault!" The girl with the braids almost wept.

"No, Wanda, no. We have been here over a month already. I knew we would have to move. Now hurry. There is no time for regrets."

Already the other three were piling parts of the printing press, paper, and ink bottles into peasant baskets placed in readiness for just such emergency as this. It took them less than ten minutes to dismantle their small workshop.

Jan spoke as they were ready to leave. "We will go separately. There is less chance of being caught then. We will make for the hills behind the town. You know the cave I showed you last week? That will be our newspaper office

until we must move again. Meet me there as soon as you can. The next issue of the *Ladybird* will be out on time."

This is not a fictitious incident. Hundreds of Polish girls and boys, not any older than you, are today taking an active part in that most dangerous and courageous of all underground activities, the printing of a freedom paper.

Wanda and Jan and Michal and their friends actually exist. They live in constant dread for their lives. Often they are hungry. Many of them have lost their homes and their families through Nazi brutality. Yet, firmly believing in Allied aid, they continue to fight within Poland for Poland's freedom.

Recently the Polish government authorities in London received, through underground channels, some copies of papers written, printed, and distributed by girls and boys.

In one issue of *Biedronka* (Continued on page 36)

They work in cellars, in caves, in hidden attics, but always under the threat of Nazi retribution.





# CLOTHES PIN-up FROCKS

SPECIALLY STYLED FOR TEENS

by SANDRA LEE



LEFT:

*"Bubbles"*

RIGHT:

*"Sweet Stuff"*

Sandra Lee's honeys for Spring . . . Styled for smart cookies who know their fashions, in Crown "Soap 'n' Water" Fabric . . . a waffle pique that tubs with the greatest of ease. And the lush colors are tar-iffel! For your Spring frocks, choose "Bubbles", long torso style with wide drop shoulders, deep white yoke and

band on dirndl skirt, tie-back sash. In Blue, Rose, Green, Brown with White dots . . . And "Sweet Stuff", quaint floral print with flattering square neck, wide drop shoulders, cotton crocheted lace trim, tie-back sash. In Blue, Rose, Orchid on White ground. Each about \$5.95.

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When writing to advertisers, please mention *CALLING ALL GIRLS*.

Sandra Lee  
*"A Sister-Lee Fashion"*



★

"THEY'RE SOFTENED UP..."

SEND IN THE TANKS!"



The "Long Tons" have spoken — clearing the path for the "Shermans" to streak in on the knock-out punch.

Telephone service keeps pace with the push by means of a new battle-cable connecting headquarters command posts. No thicker than a fat pencil, it goes anywhere—without poles— as fast as a truck can travel. The quarter-mile lengths are quickly joined with weather-proof connectors that snap together—click!

Developed by the Bell Telephone Laboratories, built by Western Electric, and used by the Signal Corps, this special cable carries three telephone and four telegraph messages over its four wires all at one time, instead of using ten or more ordinary wires.

Called the "Spiral-4," this cable is another example of how Bell System research experience is helping speed messages at the front, keeping our armed forces in close touch all around — mighty important to winning battles.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



HELP THE WAR BY MAKING ONLY ESSENTIAL CALLS

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

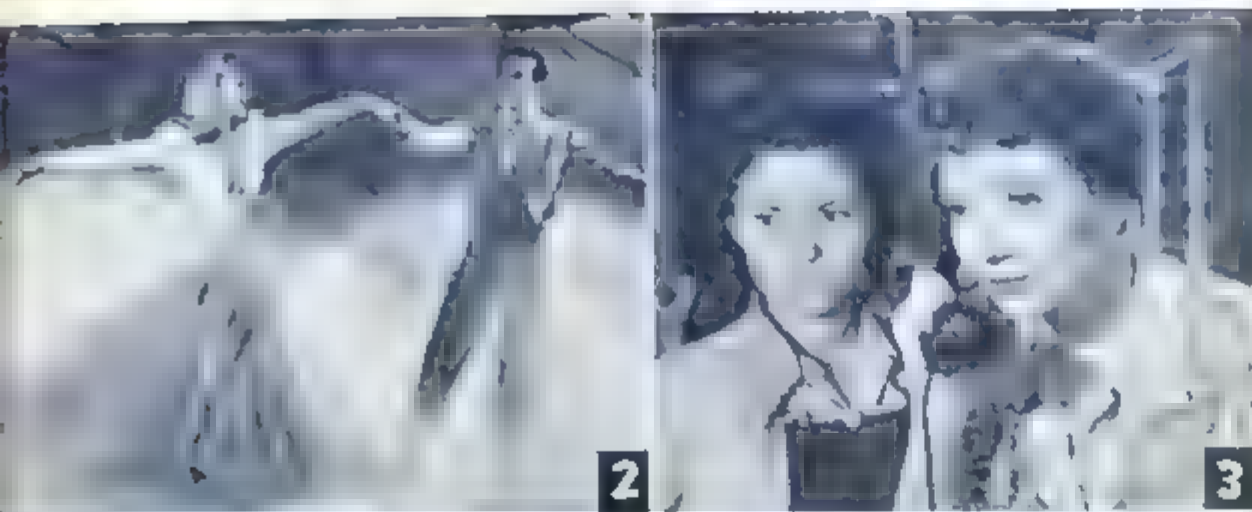


1—Katharine Hepburn, Turhan Bey are two who remember a lost spring in "Dragon Seed," Pearl Buck's dramatic story about war-torn China and its people. (MGM)

2—"Lady in the Dark" isn't all gay laughter—a problem haunts career-girl Ginger Rogers. She wears gorgeous clothes and has fabulous dreams solving it! (Para)

3—Shirley Temple's fans are saying we've missed you "Since You Went Away"—at least that's the name of her newest pic-





# Styles in MOVIES

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS  
Movie Editor

ture. Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten are also starred. (U.A.)

4—Twins as pretty as Lee and Lyn Wilde shouldn't be labeled "trouble," but Mickey Rooney calls them just that in "Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble." (MGM)

5—Just characters crossing a bridge in a storybook setting—but five of them meet death on "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Lynn Bari adds glamour to Thornton Wilder's prize-winning drama. (U.A.)

6—John Wayne, Dennis O'Keefe show you why the Navy engineers have earned the title, "The Fighting Seabees." Susan Hayward lends femme interest. (Rep.)

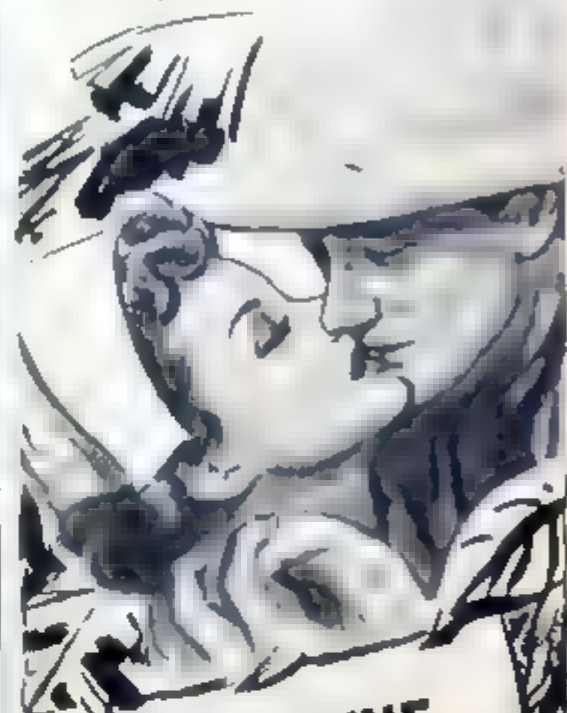
7—The G.I.'s called them angels, but Kay Francis, Mitzi Mayfair, Martha Raye, Carole Landis just wanted to be known as "Four Jills in a Jeep." (20th C-Fox)

8—Ruth Hussey and Ray Milland buy a haunted house in "The Uninvited," a chiller-diller with an unusual twist. (Para.)

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.

## Romance of the Seven Seas

The first vivid drama of America's men of might! The first to land! The first to fight! The first great screen sensation of the year!



JOHN WAYNE  
SUSAN HAYWARD

 **The  
FIGHTING  
SEABEES**

with  
**DENNIS O'KEEFE**  
William Frawley • Leonid Kinskey  
J. M. Kerrigan • Grant Withers  
Paul Fix • Director—Edward Ludwig

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



# IT'S FUN TO WRITE LETTERS

by JANE EATON



Isn't it exciting to come home from school and find a letter addressed to you? Is it an invitation? Is it from that smooth boy who moved away last week? Is it from the soldier to whom you've been writing and sending packages? What ever it turns out to be, will you know the correct way to answer it? Check up on your own knowledge of what's right in writing by taking this quiz.

**Q** How can I make my letters look so individual my friends will recognize them at sight?

**A** Pick your stationery as carefully as you pick a new hat or dress. Does it reflect your personality? Choose a large sheet, deckle-edged, if you're the sports type, a creamy white vellum or linen for the patrician type. If you're the feminine type, a romantic pastel might be your choice. There is such a wide variety of Eaton's fine letter papers. It is smart to select one that truly represents you.

**Q** When should I write a "thank-you" note?

**A** When you've received a gift—or been a week-end guest—or had someone do you a favor—it's well-bred to write a note of appreciation. Alas, it makes people want to be nice to you again!

**Q** I am moving to another town. Shall I give my new address to my friends and ask them to write, or shall I write them first?

**A** The person who goes away is the one to write first to either boys or girls. Be sure to give your new address in your letters.

**Q** Leftovers are such a waste! How do you make sheets and envelopes come out even?

**A** I don't worry! Nor do I waste paper or send mismatched letters, for I use Eaton's Open Stock Papers and buy matching sheets and envelopes on a fill-in-as-I-need-them basis.

\*EATON'S OPEN STOCK PAPERS can be bought in sets of sheets and envelopes, or you can fill in either. No need, ever, to waste "orphan" sheets or envelopes. Ask to see PETERSBURG 1850, HIGHLAND LINEN, FOREIGN MAIL, and others at stationery counters.

\*For an interesting 36-page book, "It's Fun to Write Letters," write to JANE EATON, Eaton Paper Corp., Pittsfield 10, Mass. The price is 10¢...but every dime goes into War Bonds. To get a letter—write a letter.

*Eaton's fine letter papers*

LIGHTEN THE AIR MAIL LOAD  
USE EATON'S LIGHTWEIGHT PAPERS

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# Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON

I live in a country farm school. There are times in which we like to go to the movies, but the directors of the school say we can't go because of gas shortage. Often the older group from 12 to 15 wouldn't mind hiking but we aren't allowed.—Dorothy M., New York.

**IT IS**, of course, necessary to avoid the use of gas just for pleasure during these times when our fighting forces have such need of fuel. It does seem, however, that the school authorities, together with the pupils, might plan a movie treat when there is some particularly worth-while and interesting picture to be seen in town, and when arrangements can be made which do not involve the use of additional gas or wear and tear on needed tires.

As for hiking—Dorothy and her friends are sensible and old enough to realize, we are sure, that the matter of school policy is involved, and the directors and teachers are responsible to the parents for the safety and well-being of the students. Hiking under proper conditions should be possible sometimes for a group (we do not know whether what Dorothy has in mind is "hitch-hiking," however) but the decision as to if, how, and when must rest with those in authority and the parents who entrust their daughters to the school.

Recreation is part of education, and opportunities can be found for organized programs and interesting projects of many kinds. Possibly a bicycle club—if bicycles are available and can be shared—might help to solve the gas and movie-going problem, if the distances are not too very great. This whole matter of school planning for various kinds of play and recreation can surely be

discussed by staff and students in a truly democratic fashion.

I have been ill for over six months now. I had an operation and afterward I had to take it easy. But when any of my girlfriends ask me to go on a hike or to go bicycle riding my mother always embarrasses me and says of course I can go. When I remind her that I can't do it she always says, "You always were such a happy and playful girl and now you never want to do anything."—Dorothy L., aged 12, Massachusetts.

**WHAT** to do and what not to do while recuperating from an operation is largely a medical question and Mrs. L. has no doubt received instructions from Dorothy's doctor as to whether and if and when his ex-patient may go hiking and bicycling. Frequently a physical condition is closely related to a person's state of mind (we use the word "morale" in wartime). It is good to want to get well and be oneself again quickly.

We are sure Dorothy realizes that her mother has been fully aware of the fact that recuperation takes time. And she has probably also learned to understand that it is her mother's wish to have her get well—in her body as well as her thinking about herself—just as speedily as possible. Parents (Continued on page 48)

**A**IRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.





# PEEWEE HEROINE

THE TRUE STORY  
OF PRIVATE MARGARET H. MALONEY,  
THE FIRST WAC TO RECEIVE THE  
SOLDIER'S MEDAL FOR HEROISM

ON SEPTEMBER 11, 1943, SOMEWHERE IN NORTH AFRICA...



How did a peewee like you ever  
get in the Army, Private Maloney?

That's a fine  
thing to say! I'm  
as good a soldier  
as you!

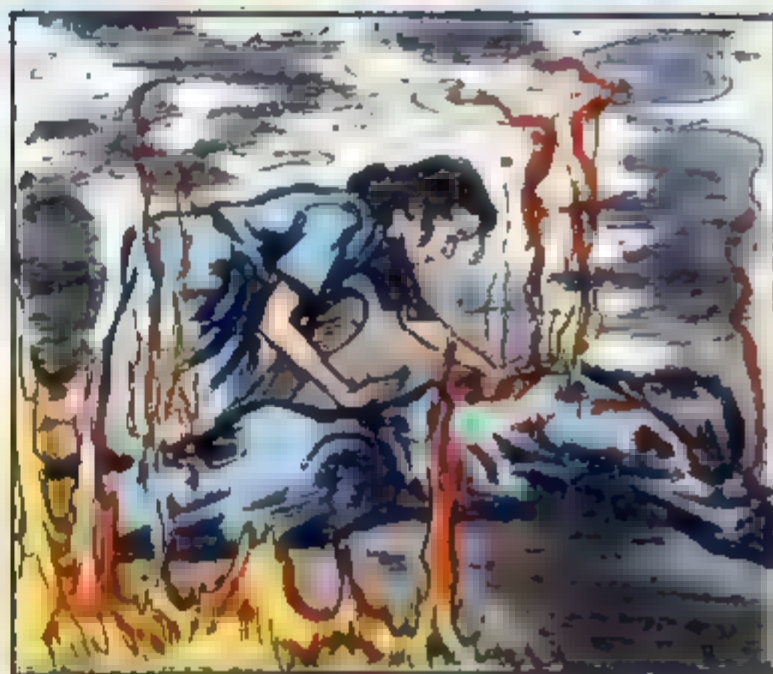
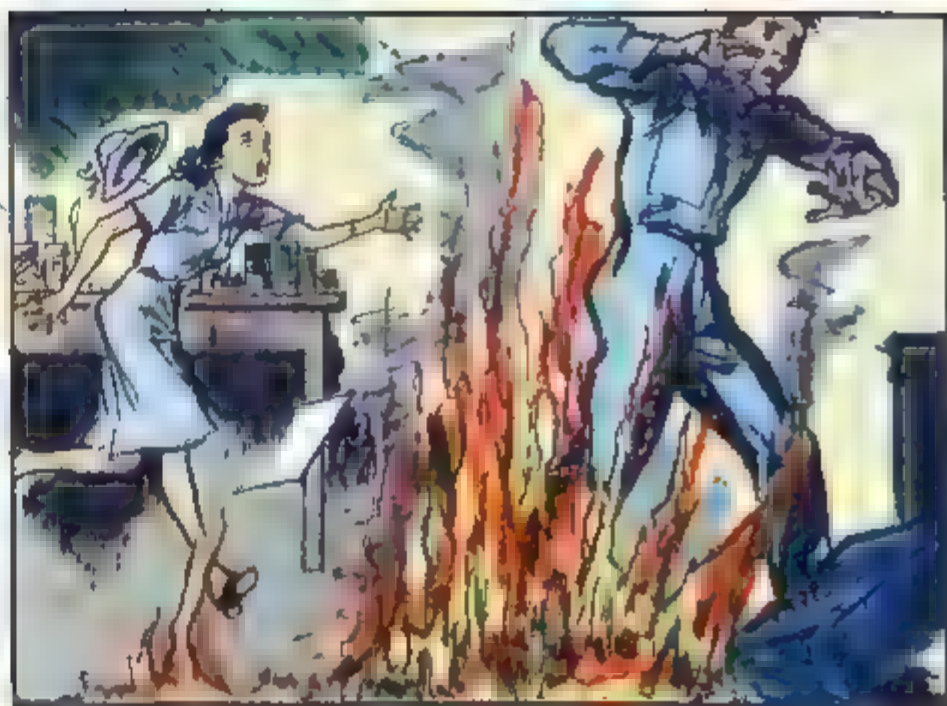
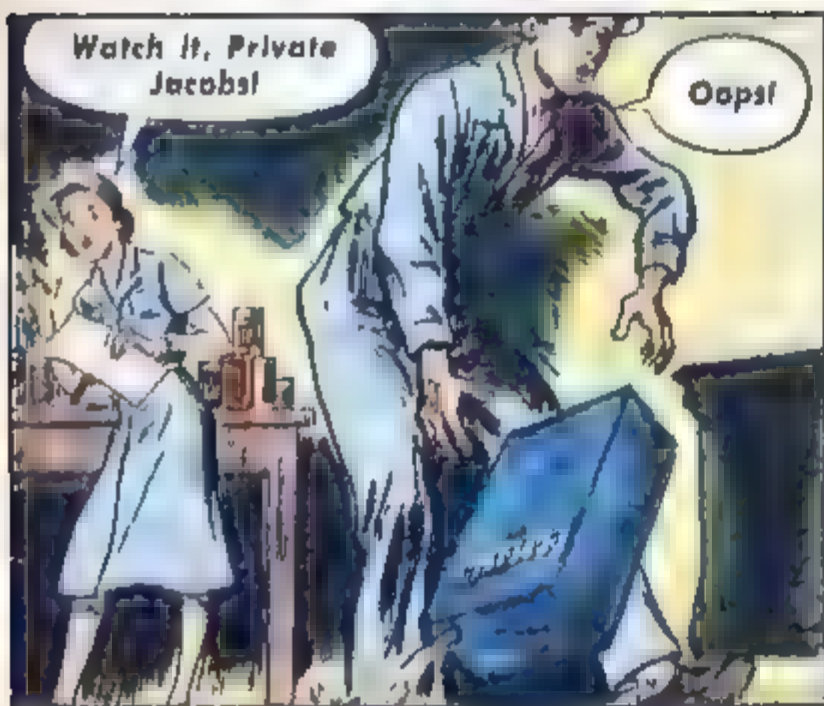


In fact, the Army  
liked me well  
enough to accept  
me even if I am an  
inch shorter than  
the minimum five  
feet!



I still say the  
Army's no  
place for a  
woman.



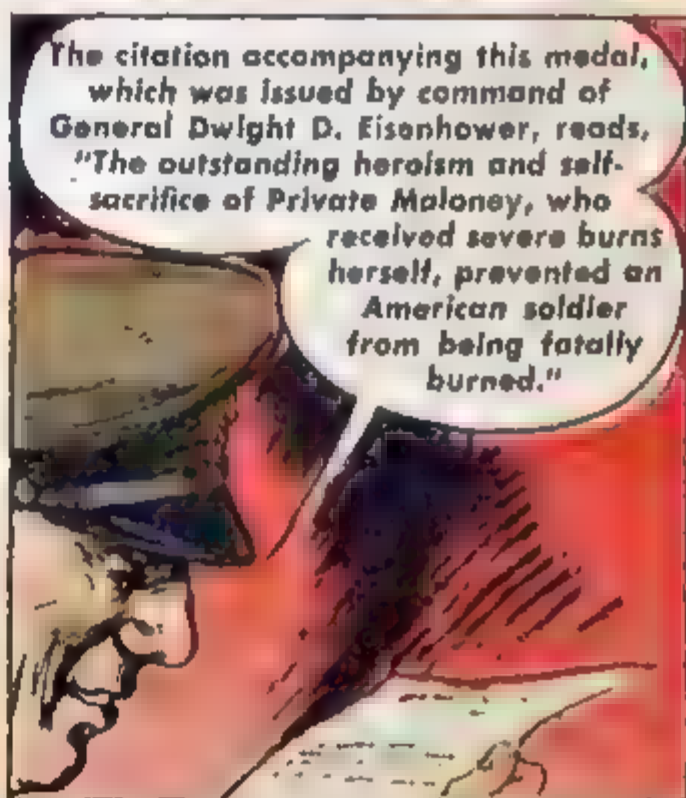




LATER, WHEN PEEWEE WAS RELEASED FROM THE HOSPITAL . . .



A FEW DAYS LATER . . .







# THE LIGHT THAT DIDN'T FAIL

The fate of her family and the lives of ships and men depended on Kippie Parnell's keeping the range lights burning

By JOHN SCOTT DOUGLAS  
Author of "He's in the Merchant Marine, Now"

**K**IPPIE PARNELL tucked a vagrant lock of flaxen hair under her sou'wester and buttoned the chin strap. Then, tossing her skis across her shoulder and with her yellow slicker swishing, she strutted a little. The sight of her mother's face, so pale and thin on the pillow, twisted Kippie's heart. But, pretending not to notice, she sang gaily, "So off to ski we go, across the frozen snow..."

"Oh, Kippie, don't you ever think of anything more serious than skiing or having a good time with your friends?"

"What else is there to think of, Mother?"

"Finances, duckling! Dr. Gray's two plane trips from Seward to see me when I had pneumonia must have been terribly expensive."

"Oh, those!" Kippie dismissed the idea lightly, dropped her skis on the floor, sat on them, and cracked an imaginary whip. "Mush, Tailwagger—Fleetfoot—Ear-Scratcher! Off to our gold mine, you pack of Malemute pooches!"

Kippie rose, pretended to shake gravel in a pan, and then picked up her mother's powder-box. Her eyes widened dramatically.

"The largest gold nugget ever found in Alaska! Miss Katherine Parnell, the youngest sourdough of the western Alaskan Peninsula, otherwise known as 'Dog-Puncher Kip-

pie,' has struck it rich! Hoorah!"

Her foolishness brought a smile to her mother's wan face.

"Kippie, you clown!"

"Mmmm. You should see me when I'm taking an exam!" Her pert nose wrinkled and she giggled. "Anyway, I'm a happy featherbrain, Mother."

"Perhaps I should be grateful for your sunny disposition, Kippie, without expecting more."

"That's right." The girl pulled out the sleeves of the slicker to resemble bulging muscles. "With your brain and my

brawn, just watch us go!"

Mrs. Parnell laughed for the first time in weeks.

Kippie's blue eyes sparkled. "Now that's more like it, Mrs. Parnell! A laugh a day will keep Dr. Gray away." And Kippie strutted out.

Chigakat Bay, like many of the fishing villages of the western Alaskan Peninsula, had but a single plank street, flanked on one side by houses facing the bay, and ending at the wharf and the big red cannery buildings. Her mother would have been astonished at Kippie's

When ice started forming on the bow of the boat, Kippie was tempted to turn back.





change of expression. As the girl strode along the icy planks her mouth quivered and her eyes glistened.

Kippie knew why her mother's face looked particularly drawn. The previous fall Kippie's father had been lost in a storm while purse-seining, and in January word had come that her brother was missing in action after a bombing mission somewhere in the South Pacific. Now it was her mother's birthday. Dad and Andy had always made so much of the occasion.

Entering the Parnell store across from the cannery, Kippie listlessly dropped her skis behind the counter. The Skipper rose slowly from his seat in front of the glowing stove, peering over his gold-rimmed spectacles and tugging at his long white beard.

"Now, Kippie, you ain't a-goin' to cry?"

Kippie bit her lip. "Oh, Skipper, do you suppose the Yukon Queen will be in today?"

"Her sailin' schedule ain't very reg'lar since the war. You expectin' something?"

"A dressing gown for Mother's birthday. It should have been here weeks ago. It might help perk her up."

"Then the Yukon Queen better get here on time," said the Skipper gruffly, "or I'll give her a broadside."

The old whaling captain assumed such a fierce expression that Kippie's good humor returned and she giggled.

"You're a comfort, Skipper. I don't know what we'd do if you weren't taking care of the store while Mother's ill."

He stroked his beard, looking embarrassed. "Blow me down, what do you expect an old family friend to do? Stand by and see you flounder? There ain't much business, though, what with all the men working at the air base being built in the interior, and spending their money there."

"Mother's pay as a lamp-lighter is all that keeps us afloat."

"You told her you're tending the range lights?"

A pucker gathered between



Her hand brushed the chimney. Her heart quaked as the fragile glass chimney splattered away and crashed.

Kippie's brows as she answered.

"If I explained that all the men were away and none of the women wanted the job, she'd worry—and Dr. Gray said she mustn't do that."

"I could tell her you're tendin' 'em reg'lar, every ten days."

"No, don't, Skipper—unless she asks. I'd rather she thought I was off skiing at the glacier with the other kids. She'd worry if she knew I'd been crossing the bay all spring to keep the lights burning. But you know we need that lamplighter's pay to meet our bills, until the fishing season starts."

Stepping into the storeroom, she found the last box of lamp chimneys. Then she pulled on her rubber boots and slipped a life jacket over her slicker.

"I've written twice to Ketchikan for more chimneys," she said, returning. "There are only these three left."

"Maybe they'll send more by the Yukon Queen."

"I hope so," said Kippie. "The earthquakes and the cold this spring have broken a lot of chimneys."

"Better hurry," advised the Skipper. "Looks like a blow."

She forgot the Skipper's warning by the time she reached the dory. Depositing the box of chimneys in the bot-

tom, she pushed the boat out on rollers, wading until the water neared the top of her high rubber boots before she tumbled in. After removing the tarpaulin from the outboard motor, she primed it and on the third try had it popping.

The water was fairly smooth near the lee shore, so Kippie stared toward Desolation Point as she buzzed along, hoping to see the Yukon Queen. But there was no sign of the freighter.

"I'll have to tell Mother about her present if the ship doesn't come by nightfall," Kippie thought. "But it won't be the same."

Presently she became aware of a piping wind. It was unseasonably cold for May. Williwaws blowing down from mountains still crested with snow penetrated even the mackinaw she wore under her slicker. The water was feathered with spume, but Kippie didn't realize quite how rough it was until the stern lifted and the motor, racing too fast, coughed twice, sputtered, and died.

She started the outboard after several tries, but the boat bobbed wildly, pounding jar- ringly in the chops; each time the propeller was lifted from the



water, the motor threatened to stop. Finally, when it did, the boat swept broadside, rolling heavily in the running seas. Kippie sprang to the oars, and as she turned the boat into the wind, she noticed the bow was icing. Ice up forward would make the bow heavy, so that it would ship more water. Kippie was tempted to turn back, particularly after the motor stopped once more.

"No wonder no other woman will take *this* job!" she thought.

The Coast Guard paid part-time lamplighters ten dollars a month to maintain a light at points so remote that they didn't rate regular calls of a lighthouse tender. The two range lights on Desolation Point brought twenty dollars a month, but often that cold spring Kippie had wondered whether she would have done the work for twice that pay if she and her mother hadn't needed the money so urgently.

As she pulled the starter cord, she glanced toward the white cone of Veniaminof. Black puffs of smoke, backlit by flashes of crimson, rose from the volcano. When Veniaminof erupted, there were usually tremors at Chigakat Bay. Staring toward the point, she could no longer see the glimmer of the range lights.

"Out again!" she groaned.

Postponing the trip in the hope of better weather the next day was now out of the question. If a ship tried to enter the bay there must be lights to guide it along the treacherous channel; otherwise it might run aground.

"Oh, well," said Kippie, with forced cheerfulness.

The store had never paid all the family expenses, and her father had always done some fishing to help make ends meet. Of the many tricks of seaman-ship he had taught her, one had proved very helpful that spring. Kippie tied the stern line to both oars and tossed them overboard. After starting the motor

again, the drag of this "sea-anchor" held the stern of the boat down so that the propeller remained in the water. Despite the rising wind, she reached the bare point without further trouble. Stiff with cold, she climbed out, pulling the dory onto the graveled beach.

The range lights resembled miniature lighthouses, but the "towers" were really only man-high shacks supporting lan-

## THE STORM

By OLIVE LANDERY  
Eleven Years Old

Fingers of the dusk sweep by,  
And take away sunlight's glow.  
Then the wind will wail and sigh—  
It chants a song wild and low.  
Wilder yet the tempo sounds  
Of the mighty whining song  
Like the baying of the hounds  
Louder as the night grows long.  
Then the rain beats on the roofs  
As if the sky poured forth  
A hundred prancing horses' hoofs.

terns. Each lantern enclosed a lamp similar to a kerosene table lamp. One light stood behind and on slightly higher ground than the other, and both were in line with the channel. All a mariner needed to steer a straight course was to keep the two lights in line with his bow until he was through the narrow bay entrance.

Approaching the lights, Kippie noticed that short, sharp tremors shook the earth. She found both chimneys broken, and the pane of glass in one lantern cracked. Unlocking the first shack, she examined the oil tank and found it nearly full.

The ladder running along the side of the little house was iced. Kippie rubbed the rungs with beach sand before returning to the boat for a lamp chimney. Climbing the ladder, she hooked her leg through one of the rungs to avoid slipping, and gingerly opened the lantern door. She picked out the broken pieces of

glass and turned down the wick. Then, removing her mittens, she held the new chimney in her bare hands to warm it, for abrupt heat would crack cold glass.

Kippie struck a match, lighted the wick, and then quickly slipped the chimney into its bracket. She held her breath, but when nothing happened, she turned the flame up. As she was closing the lantern door, there was a sharp ping.

"Ha!" said Kippie hollowly. "There goes another one!"

She removed the broken chimney, and hurried back to the boat. She held the replacement in her hands for several minutes before lighting the wick. After installing it and closing the lantern door, she stared anxiously at the light, but the chimney did not crack.

Kippie carried her remaining chimney to the rear range light, and sanded the ladder rungs. She scarcely dared breathe as she climbed the ladder and laid the chimney on the roof. The

lantern door was hard to open and in forcing it, Kippie was thrown slightly off-balance. As her right boot skidded, she grabbed for the ladder. Her hand brushed the chimney. Her heart quaked as the fragile glass slithered across the icy roof. She heard it crash.

Tears pricked her eyes and she brushed them angrily, staring bleakly across the foam-flecked North Pacific. Low chinchilla clouds and gray water so nearly blended that it was a moment before she noticed a ship on the horizon.

"Maybe it's the Yukon Queen!" Her spirits lifted, only to be dropped into an abyss by another thought. "Only one light! And three ships were wrecked trying to enter this bay before lights were established here!"

Shaken by panic, Kippie realized what might be the consequence of breaking the last chimney. Was it possible a spare was stored in either shack?



Dropping to the ground, Kippie hurriedly unlocked the door. She pulled out the neatly-stacked cans of kerosene, but could find nothing else except tools. Breathing fast, she ran to open the door of the front shack. Oh, there must be an extra chimney! . . . But there wasn't! Inside she found only four five-gallon cans of kerosene, and some soap powder and brushes to clean the lantern. Her knees shook. Dusk was gathering; it would be dark before the ship reached the bay. What could she do? . . .

Kippie shut off the motor and the dory glided to the beach. Shivering, she climbed onto the dock. Presently a ship materialized eerily out of the mists. But it was the *Bracken*, a Coast Guard lighthouse tender, and not the *Yukon Queen*. Her face fell in disappointment, until she remembered that Coast Guardsmen bought a lot.

Kippie hurried to tell the Skipper not to close the store. As soon as the ship was moored, they were kept busy waiting on seamen until late evening.

When Kippie reached home, she found her mother sitting up

in bed. She was talking to a ruddy man with a trim silver mustache, Captain Saunders, the master of the *Bracken*.

"Captain Saunders has just brought wonderful news, Kippie. A wireless message . . ." Then her mother's voice broke, and she held out a flimsy sheet, her face glowing.

Wonderingly, Kippie started to read the message. As the full import of the message struck her, things grew hazy. Finally the words stood still.

"They found Andy!"

"Yes," her mother cried joyously. "His plane was forced down by engine trouble and he's been living for months with friendly South Sea natives. And he's coming home!"

It was a moment before Kippie could grasp all this.

"And," her mother went on, "Captain Saunders wants to know whom you got to tend the range lights."

Kippie's cheeks grew hot. "Why, I've been doing it. You see, no one else wanted the job."

"Well!" The captain looked surprised. "It's a bit unusual, but the office didn't complain about the lights ever being out."

"Oh, they never have been,"

Kippie said quickly. "Not nights, anyway. But these recent quakes have broken a lot of chimneys. Now I'm down to one chimney for two lights."

"The office sent two cases on the tender. But don't you mean you're down to two chimneys, Kippie? Both lights seemed to be burning."

"No, Captain—just one. I knew both range lights must show, but I couldn't keep a second one burning without a chimney. So I shined up a kerosene can with soap powder until it reflected like a mirror, and put it in the second lantern. The first light reflecting from it makes it look like a second."

"A dark light, eh?" The captain threw back his head, roaring with merriment. Then, sobering, he went on. "Kippie, I have orders to establish three new post lights in the bay. It'll mean an extra thirty dollars a month to the lamplighter, but you're so young."

"Don't worry about that," Mrs. Parnell interrupted. "Now that I've had this good news, I'll soon be well enough to resume the work."

"Good!" smiled Captain Saunders. "And in the meanwhile I'm sure we can trust Kippie to keep them burning."

"Fifty dollars a month!" Kippie marveled. "Maybe I am the girl who found the biggest gold nugget, after all."

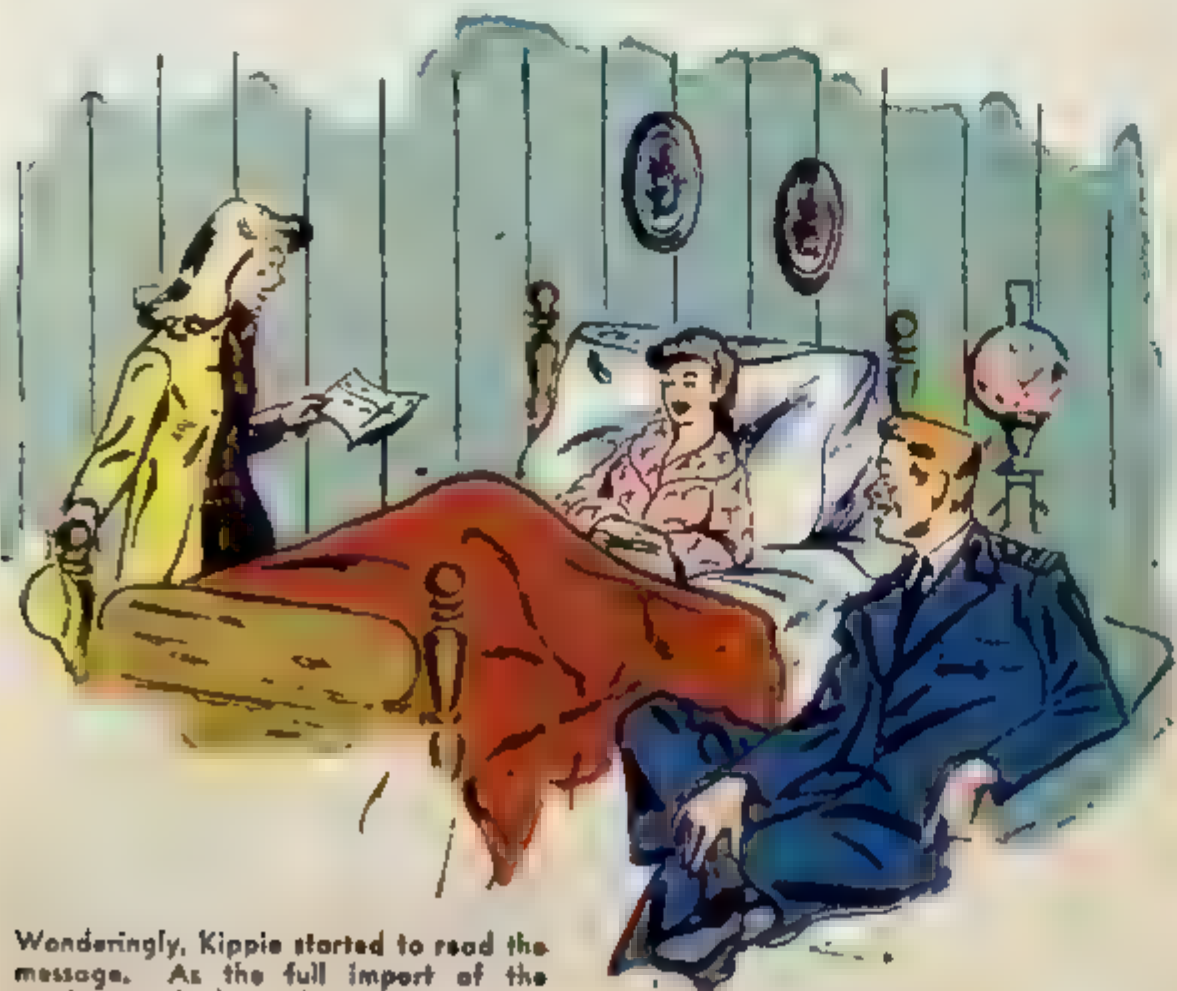
When the captain had gone, Kippie dropped on the bed, her face growing pensive. "I'm terribly disappointed, Mother. I ordered a blue dressing gown for your birthday, but the *Yukon Queen* didn't arrive."

"You've given me the finest gift any mother could have." And to Kippie's surprise, her mother drew her into her arms and kissed her.

Kippie gasped, "But I—I didn't give you anything."

"Yes, you did, Kippie Parnell! Why, you've shown me that all my love and work were not wasted. You've given me something finer than any dressing gown—a daughter who fills my heart with joy and pride!"

Kippie's eyes stung. She didn't know what to say.



Wonderingly, Kippie started to read the message. As the full import of the words struck her, things grew hazy.

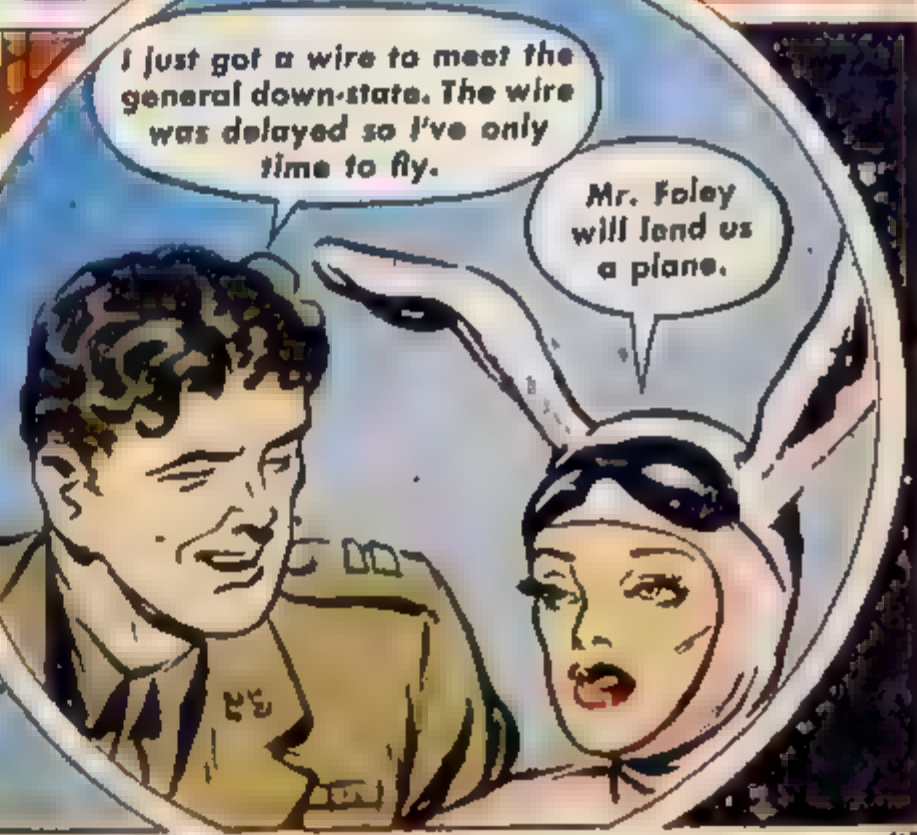
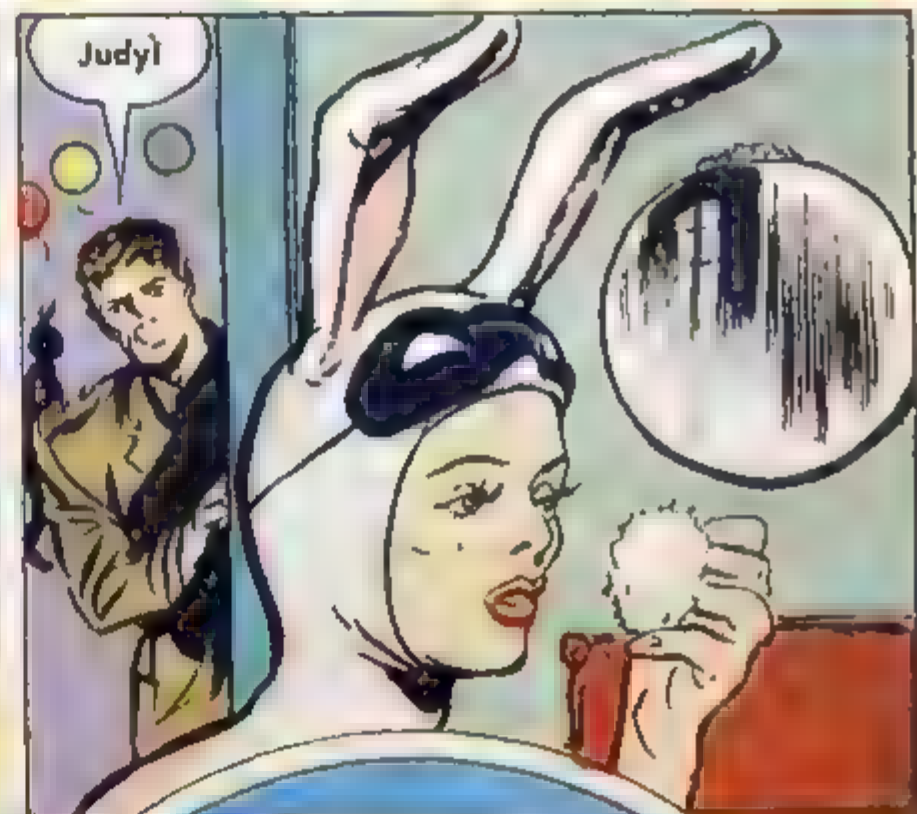
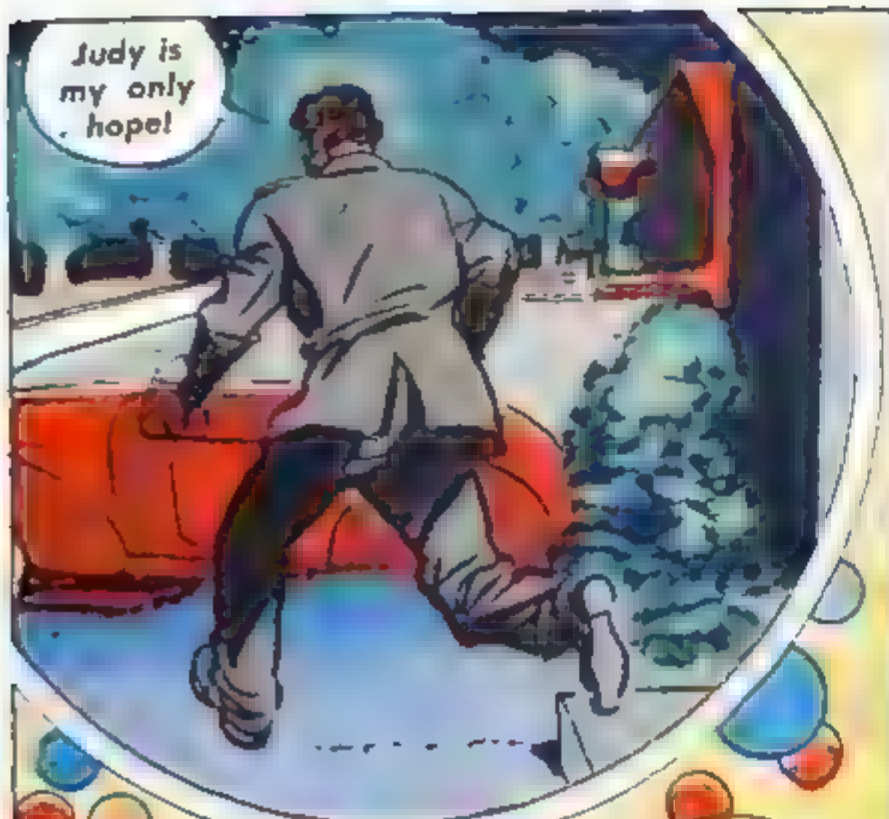


# JUDY WING

## JUDY UNDER THE SKIN







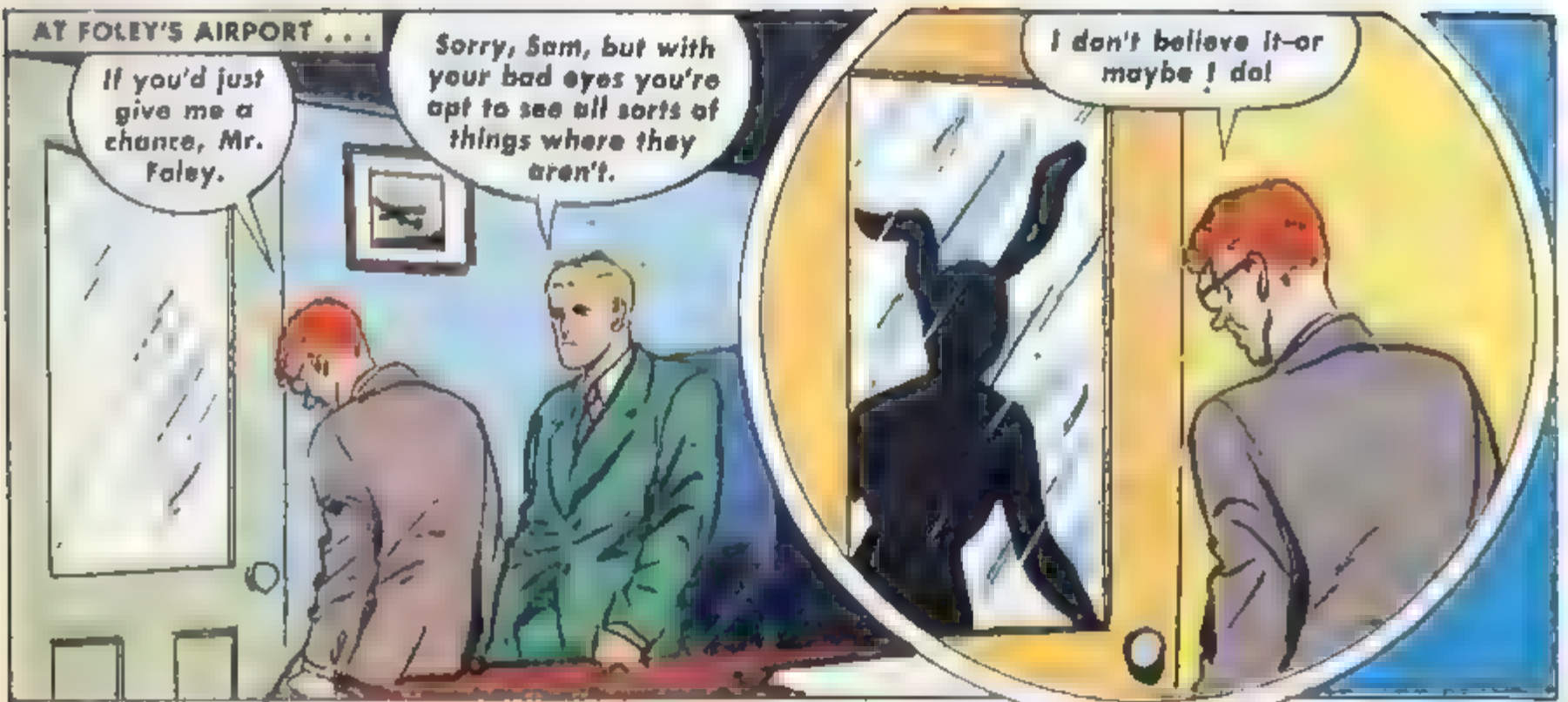


AT FOLEY'S AIRPORT ...

If you'd just give me a chance, Mr. Foley.

Sorry, Sam, but with your bad eyes you're apt to see all sorts of things where they aren't.

I don't believe it—or maybe I do!



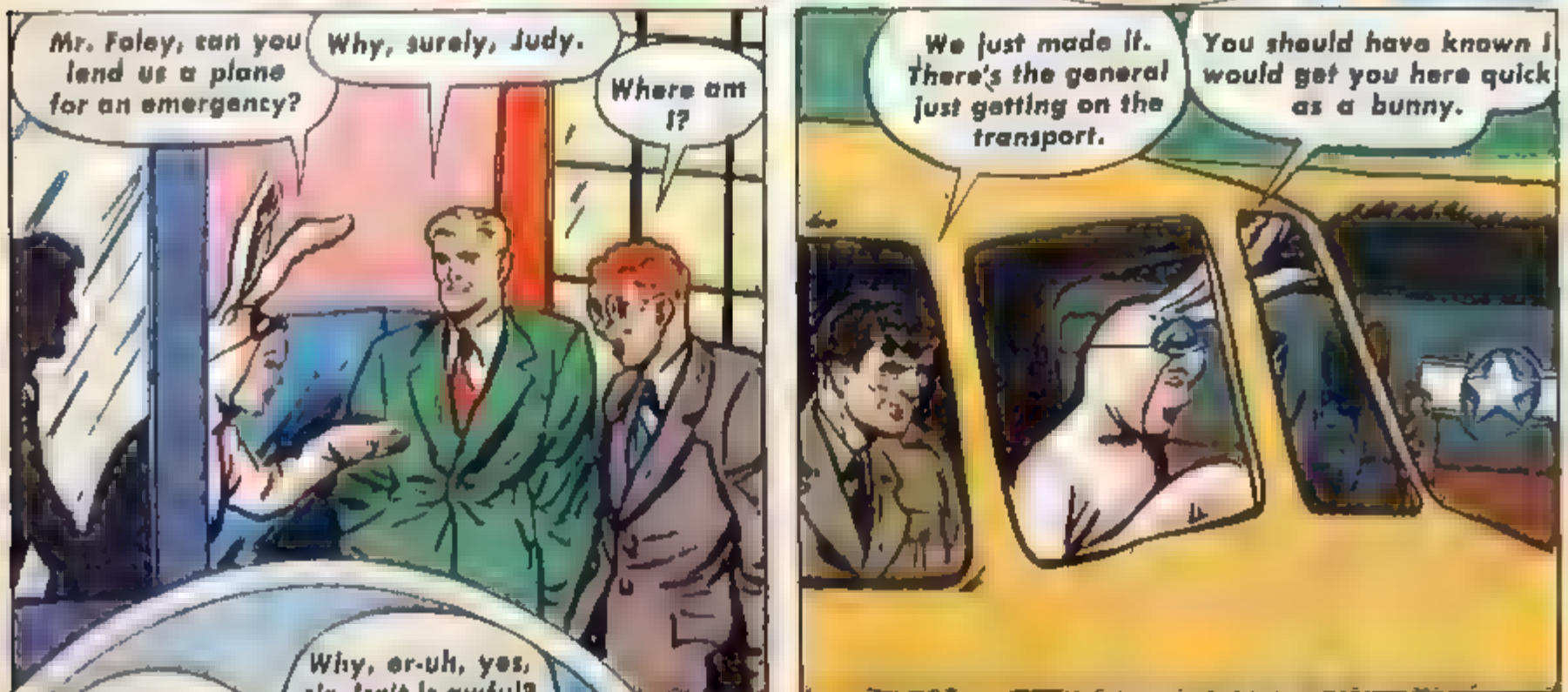
Mr. Foley, can you lend us a plane for an emergency?

Why, surely, Judy.

Where am I?

We just made it. There's the general just getting on the transport.

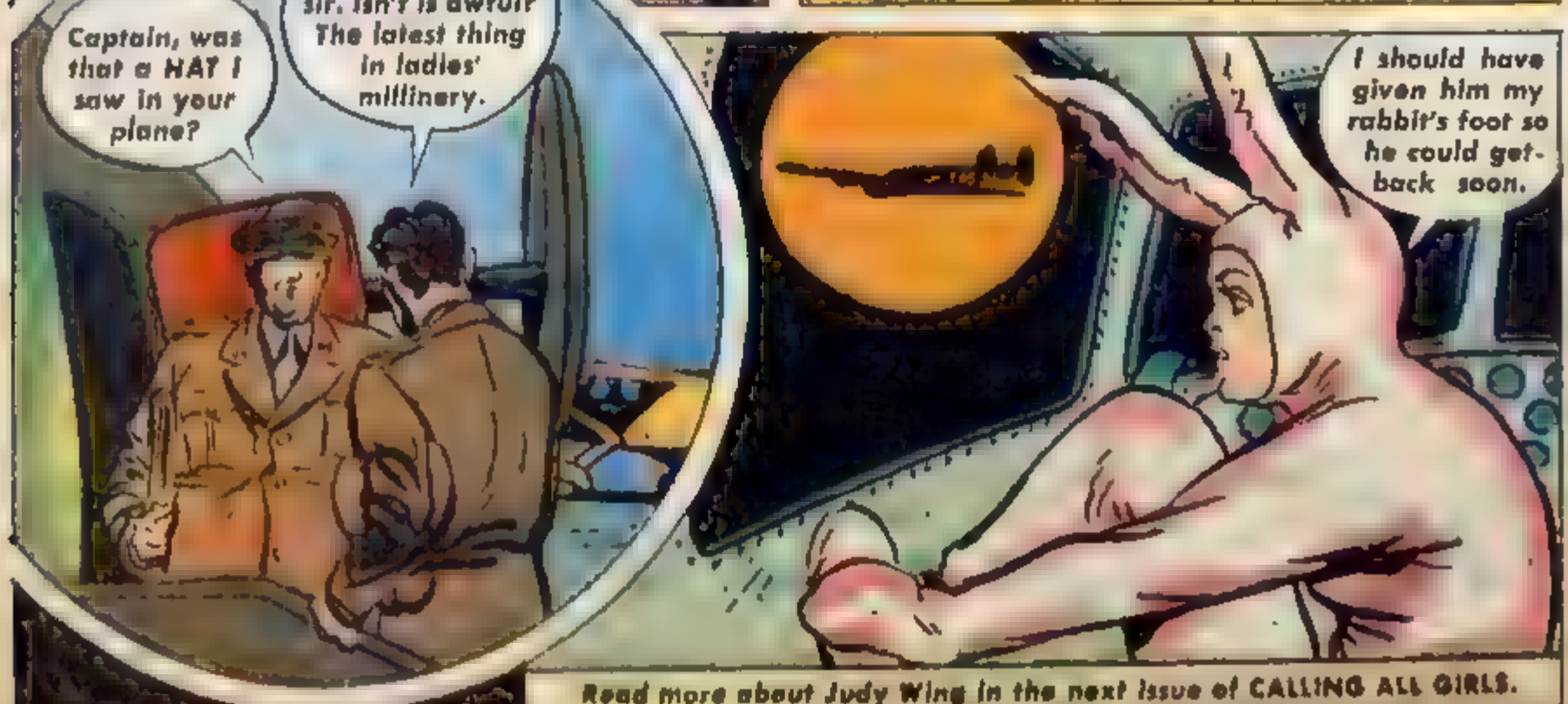
You should have known I would get you here quick as a bunny.



Captain, was that a HAT I saw in your plane?

Why, er-uh, yes, sir. Isn't it awful? The latest thing in ladies' millinery.

I should have given him my rabbit's foot so he could get back soon.



Read more about Judy Wing in the next issue of CALLING ALL GIRLS.





## HE THINKS I'M A DRIP!

That smooth new boy hasn't given poor Kay a tumble. She's a pretty gal, too, but he doesn't even notice her.

Better take inventory, Kay. Dope out the trouble. Something must be on the minus side—your zing, perhaps? Remember, boys like girls with lots of get-up-and-go.

Could be you're not eating right? Better check up on your vittles, for one thing. Getting three good meals a day, including breakfast? Smart idea to tuck away something to go on, before heading for a busy day.

Now wait. No need to be grim about it. You don't need to load yourself down at breakfast. You can have something light but nourishing. Include Wheaties,

big golden sunshiny flakes. Light, crisp, refreshing. Bet you'll like 'em. Rustle some Wheaties into a nice cereal bowl (and don't be stingy). Top 'em with your favorite fruit. Then swish on ice-cold milk or cream. Here's eating that's on the beam.

Real good for a gal, too. Lots of nourishment in that combination. Wheaties are flakes of whole wheat, just brimming with swell food values. Protective

vitamins, minerals, abundant food energy—(stuff you need a-plenty every day to help you keep vibrating).

So don't let fun pass you by. Do all you can to put yourself in the pink. For one thing, start eating right. Include a big bowl of Wheaties in your breakfast tomorrow.

And look! Special offer good only while our limited supplies last. Get handsome mechanical pencil, shaped like big league baseball bat—streamline curved to fit your fingers. Send 10c and one Wheaties box top to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 563, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota. And send today!



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# JUNIOR HOUSEKEEPING



## CREATE A SAUCE-A-TION

BY LETTIE GAY, JUNIOR HOUSEKEEPING EDITOR

WHEN MOTHER COMES HOME LATE . . .

Last minute meals would be easy if I always had white sauce on hand.

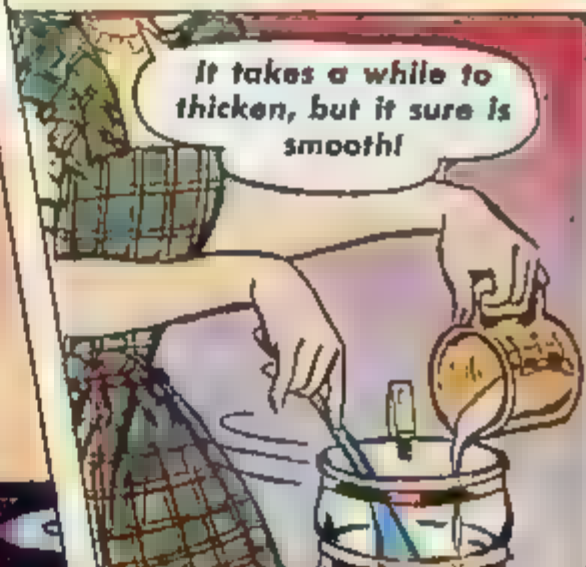
Next time I'll make it. It is so easy, I can't spoil it.



AND HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE: FOR MEDIUM WHITE SAUCE, MIX 2 TABLESPOONS MELTED FAT AND 2 TABLESPOONS FLOUR. STIR UNTIL SMOOTH, OVER BOILING WATER.



ADD 1 CUP MILK, SLOWLY, STIRRING TO MAKE A SMOOTH PASTE. THEN ADD ONE-QUARTER TEASPOON SALT, DASH OF PEPPER, AND COOK ABOUT 20 MINUTES OVER BOILING WATER. STIR OCCASIONALLY.



It takes a while to thicken, but it sure is smooth!

THE NEXT TIME MOTHER WAS LATE ...

Oh, dear, a rush to get dinner again.

Nope. The white sauce is all ready so we can have creamed salmon in a jiffy.



Quite a meal for a mother busy with war work.

Thank Susie. She did the hard part.

Some progeny I turned out to be!





# More Sauce-ations

White sauce is to meat, fish, and vegetables as icing is to cake—a finishing touch which gives the dish variety and flavor

ON the opposite page we gave you the recipe and method for making a basic, medium-thick white sauce. The recipe called for fat. Butter or margarine will be better in most sauces, but bacon fat can be used if the sauce is to go over vegetables.

The sauce will not thicken unless the water in the lower part of the double boiler is boiling. Regulate the flame to keep the water boiling gently and let sauce cook, covered, for 15 to 20 minutes. If you don't cook the sauce long enough, it may taste pasty.

For a thinner white sauce, add more milk, two or three tablespoons at a time, until you get the desired consistency. Leftover white sauce can be stored in a covered jar in the refrigerator and may be used several days later.

For a thicker white sauce, double the amounts of fat and flour—that is, use 4 tablespoons of fat and 4 tablespoons of flour, but the same amount (1 cup) of milk.

White sauces can also be made with stock—that is, the water in which chicken, meat, or fish has been cooked—instead of milk. These, of course, are good sauces for creamed chicken, meat, or fish because they have more flavor than plain white sauce.

## CREAMED CHICKEN

Follow the same general directions as for medium-thick white sauce, but substitute for the cup of milk 1 cup of the liquid in which the chicken was stewed. After the sauce has thickened, add 1 cup of minced or cut-up chicken. Be sure to remove all the bones and all the skin first. Heat thoroughly the chicken and white sauce mixture. Serve plain or on toast or rice. Serves 3.

For creamed meat and

creamed fish, follow the same directions as those given for creamed chicken, using meat or fish stock, if available, instead of chicken stock.

## CREAMED CABBAGE

Cut a medium-sized head of cabbage in half-inch slices. Add a small onion cut into fine strips. Cover with boiling water and cook rapidly without cover for about 10 minutes. Test with fork and if cabbage is tender to prick of fork, drain off the water, and cover the pan to keep vegetables hot. Mix well with rather thin white sauce, sprinkle with parsley. Serve hot.

For variation, turn the cooked cabbage and onion into a greased casserole, cover with white sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese, brown in moderate oven, and serve as a luncheon main dish. Serve with baked potatoes and a grapefruit salad.

When you get around to leftover vegetables, you often find they look a little unappetizing—or perhaps just a little scanty for the number of people. So your white sauce can save the day, not only making the vegetables different from the night before, but also stretching them.

## SCALLOPED SPINACH

2 cups cooked spinach  
2 tablespoons minced onion  
1 egg, slightly beaten  
1 cup medium white sauce  
½ cup bread crumbs

Mix the egg with the onion and spinach. Turn the mixture into a greased baking dish, and pour the white sauce over it. Cover with bread crumbs and then dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven until brown and hot through, about 40 minutes at 350°.

The beauty of cream sauces is that, once acquired, a whole new field of cooking successes is open to you. For recipes for several delicious cream of vegetable soups, send stamped addressed envelope for Junior Housekeeping Leaflet No. 8, to CALLING ALL GIRLS, 57 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, New York.

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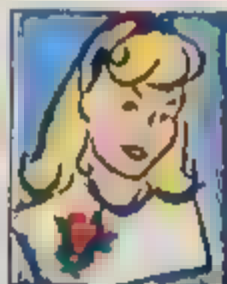


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# Lady of Luck

THE TRUE STORY OF FERN BLODGETT SUNDE, CHIEF RADIO OPERATOR ON A NORWEGIAN MERCHANT SHIP WHICH HOLDS A RECORD FOR WARTIME VOYAGES ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

IN JUNE, 1941, JUST AFTER FERN BLODGETT COMPLETED HER RADIO COURSE AT THE CANADIAN SCHOOL OF ELECTRONICS IN TORONTO . . .

Friday, the 13th—I hope that doesn't bring me bad luck on my first assignment.

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN ON A NORWEGIAN FREIGHTER . . .

Every minute counts in getting these supplies to England. Where's Blodgett, that new radio operator?

He should be here now, Captain Sunde.

Young wemen, how did you get aboard? Don't you know women are bad luck on a ship?

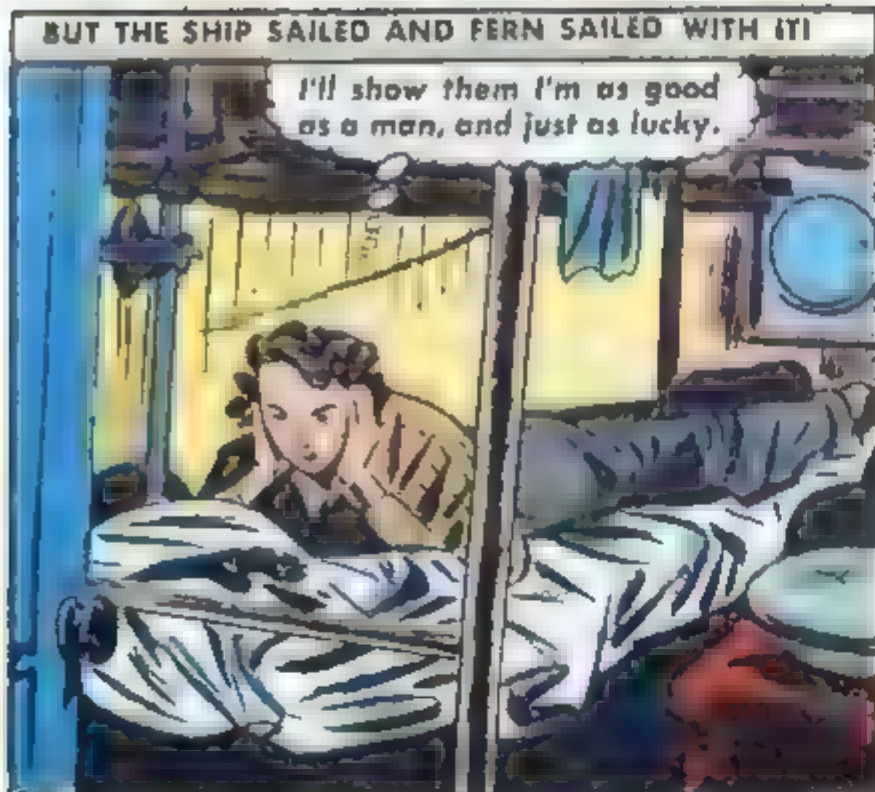
I'm here to stay, Captain Sunde. I'm your new radio operator.

A female radioman! There goes our luck.



BUT THE SHIP SAILED AND FERN SAILED WITH IT!

I'll show them I'm as good as a man, and just as lucky.



You look pale, Miss Blodgett. Is anything wrong?

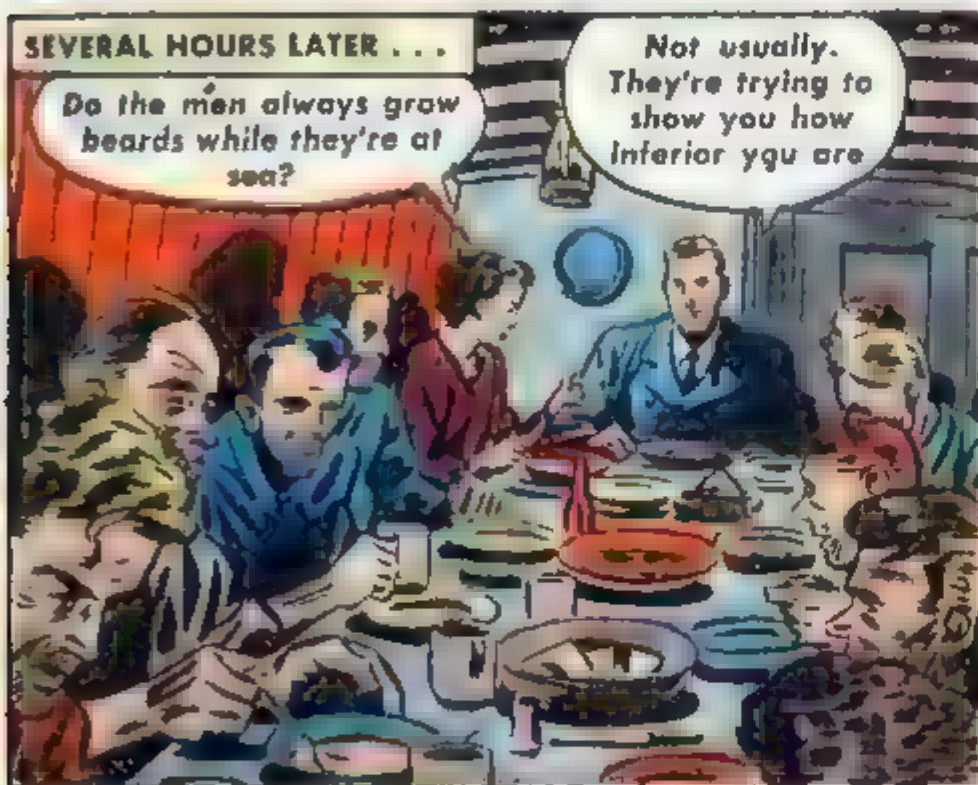
Just a little seasick, sir. This is the first day I've ever spent aboard a ship.



SEVERAL HOURS LATER . . .

Do the men always grow beards while they're at sea?

Not usually. They're trying to show you how inferior you are



It's thirty-six men against one woman. But I can take it!

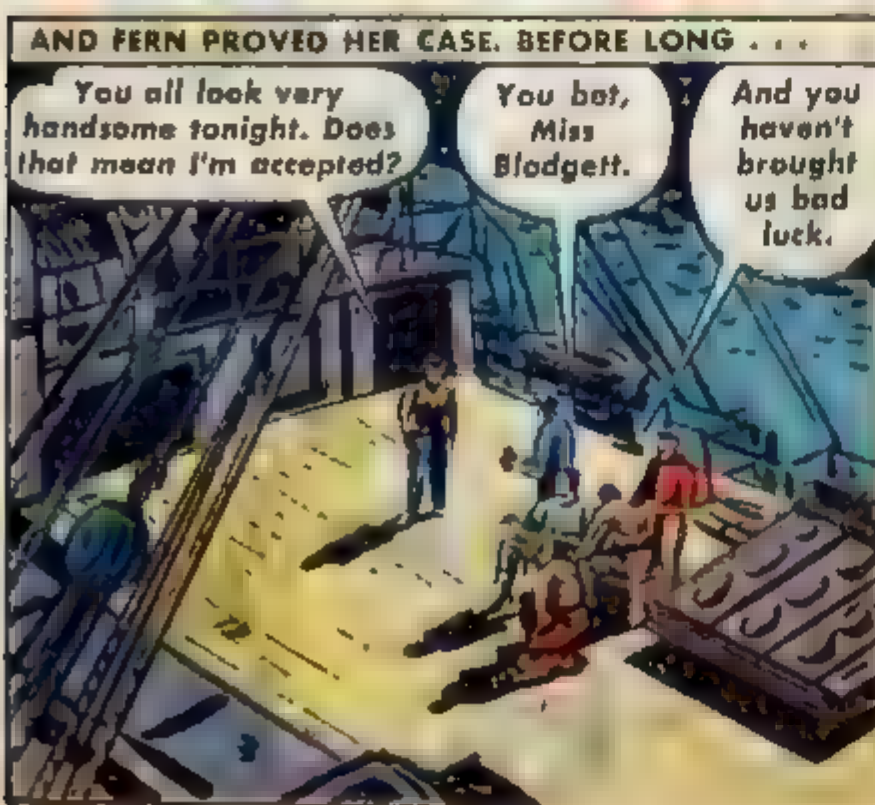


AND FERN PROVED HER CASE. BEFORE LONG . . .

You all look very handsome tonight. Does that mean I'm accepted?

You bet, Miss Blodgett.

And you haven't brought us bad luck.



I hope I never do.





THERE WERE TIMES OF GREAT DANGER, BUT CAPTAIN SUNDE'S SHIP REMAINED UNTOUCHED.

That was an attack  
by a whole pack of  
submarines!

Think of all the  
supplies that will  
never get to England.



I wonder what would have  
happened if we had been  
traveling alone and without an  
escort.

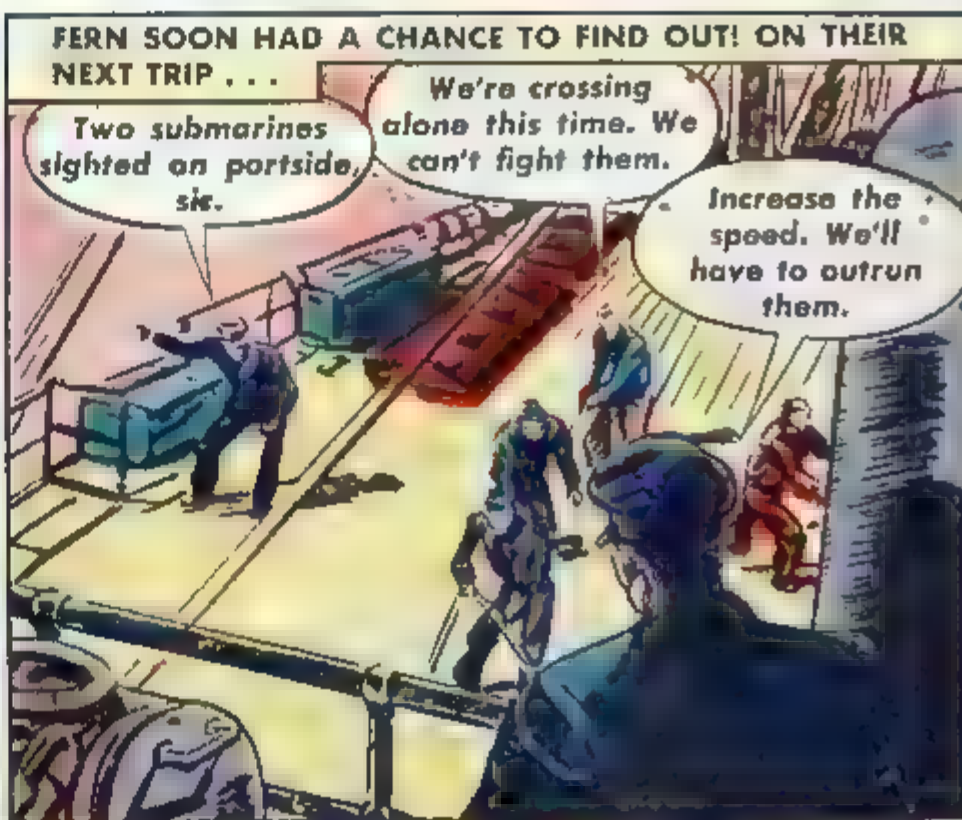


FERN SOON HAD A CHANCE TO FIND OUT! ON THEIR  
NEXT TRIP . . .

Two submarines  
sighted on portside,  
sir.

We're crossing  
alone this time. We  
can't fight them.

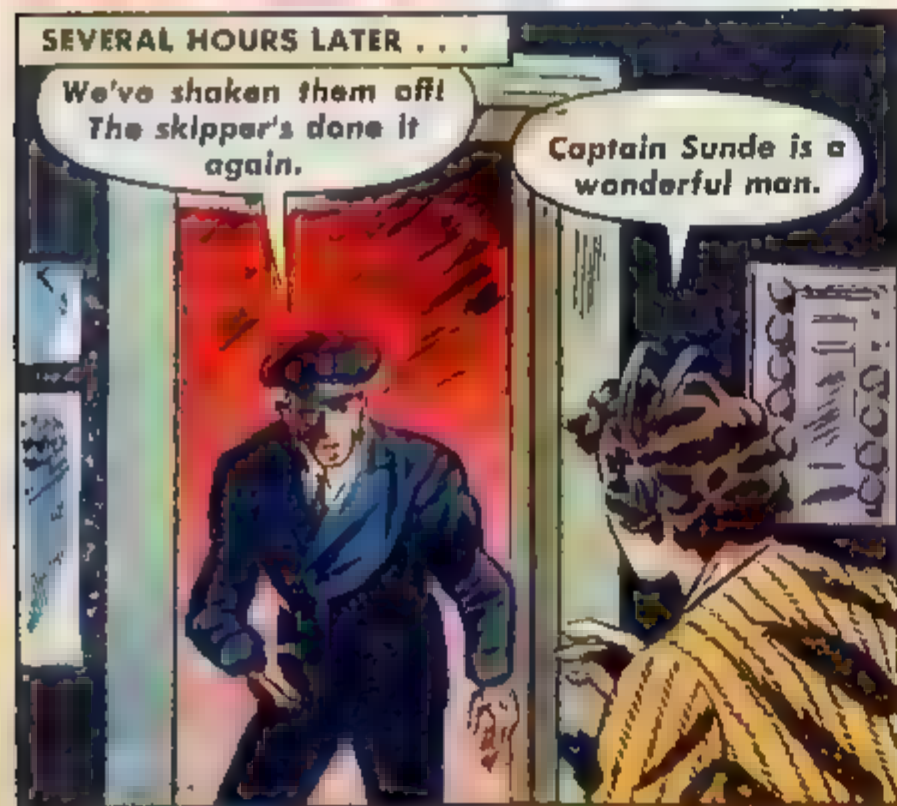
Increase the  
speed. We'll  
have to outrun  
them.



SEVERAL HOURS LATER . . .

We've shaken them off!  
The skipper's done it  
again.

Captain Sunde is a  
wonderful man.



How's radio reception  
today, Miss Blodgett?

Very good,  
- Captain.

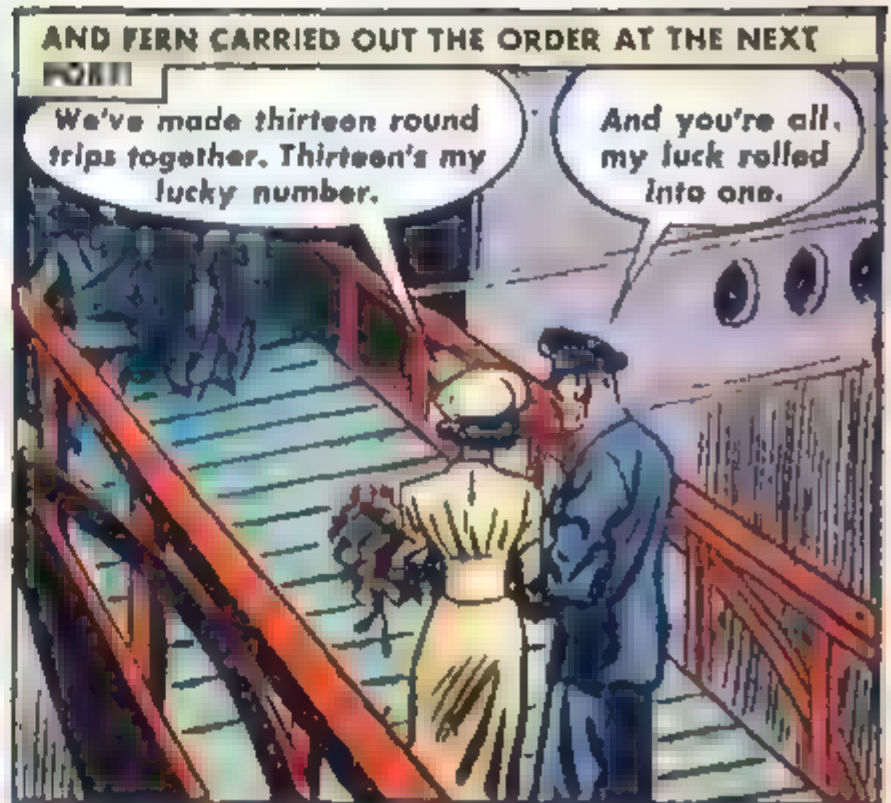






Any orders, Captain?

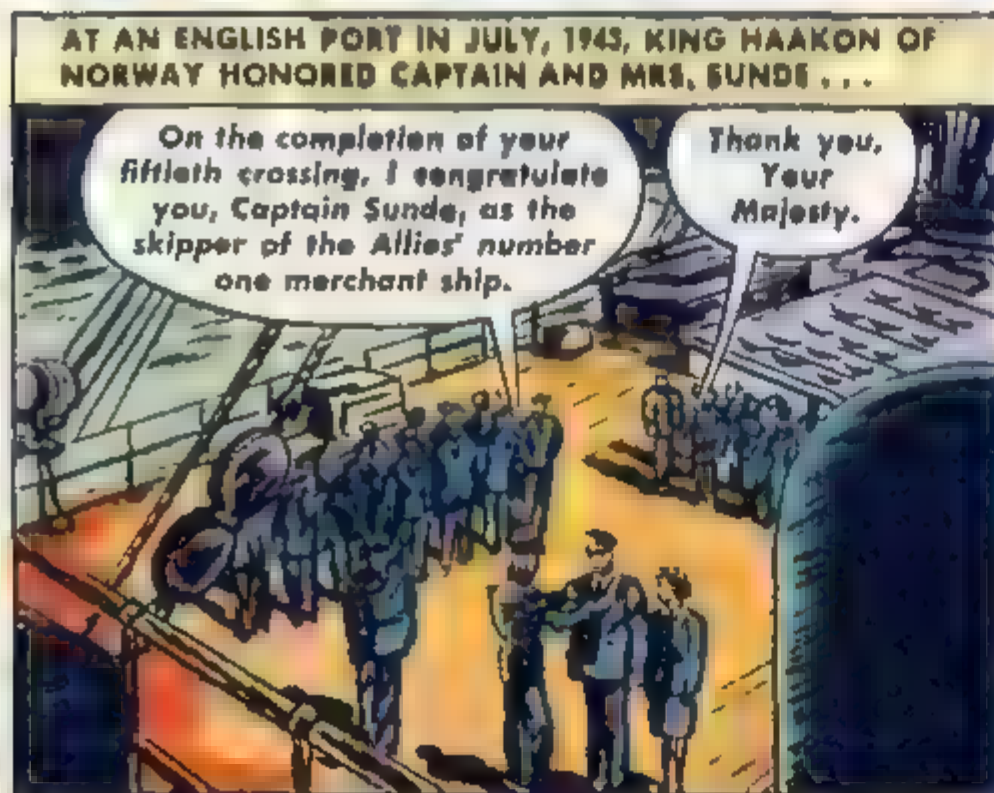
Yes, I want you to marry me!



AND FERN CARRIED OUT THE ORDER AT THE NEXT PORT!

We've made thirteen round trips together. Thirteen's my lucky number.

And you're all my luck rolled into one.



AT AN ENGLISH PORT IN JULY, 1943, KING HAAKON OF NORWAY HONORED CAPTAIN AND MRS. SUNDE . . .

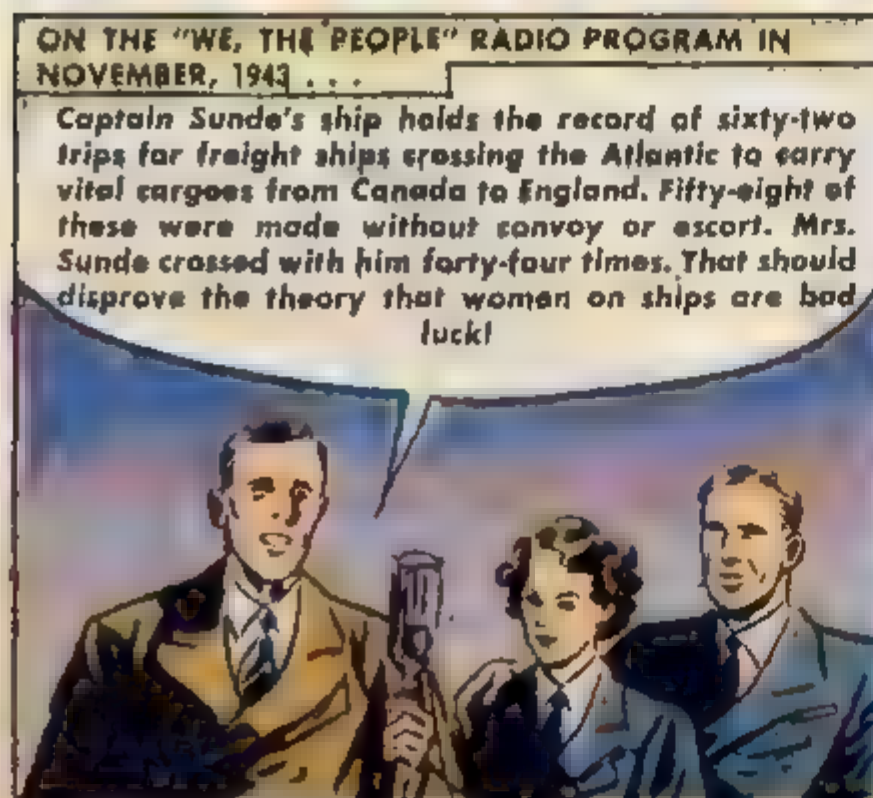
On the completion of your fiftieth crossing, I congratulate you, Captain Sunde, as the skipper of the Allies' number one merchant ship.

Thank you, Your Majesty.



And I bestow upon you, Chief Radio Operator Sunde, a war medal for your services to Norway and the Allies.

I am honored, Your Majesty.



ON THE "WE, THE PEOPLE" RADIO PROGRAM IN NOVEMBER, 1943 . . .

Captain Sunde's ship holds the record of sixty-two trips for freight ships crossing the Atlantic to carry vital cargoes from Canada to England. Fifty-eight of these were made without convoy or escort. Mrs. Sunde crossed with him forty-four times. That should disprove the theory that women on ships are bad luck!



Until the day of victory I'm staying on as radioman on my husband's ship. After that we can settle down in our cottage, and maybe I'll be the skipper instead!



## JUNIOR UNDERGROUND

(Continued from page 14)

(that name means, in translation, the *Ladybird* or the *Ladybug*), there are directions to Polish young people on how to behave to the Nazis:

Don't look at passing Germans. Don't rush to show them the way. Don't assist them to mend their bicycles.

Learn, because the Germans want you to be stupid. Good learning is as important as good fighting against the Germans. Learn patriotic poems and recite them whenever and wherever you can.

If the Germans ask you to do something, take as long as you can over it.

If the Germans send you an a message, be sure to deliver the message wrongly.

Speak to the Germans as little as possible. Pretend not to understand German.

All expression of patriotism is forbidden the Polish by the Nazis. But such an order cannot quell the love the Polish feel for their country. This is what they read in *Ladybird*:

Learn patriotic poems for Christmas Eve by heart. Have you the Polish emblem, the white eagle, in your room? Can you draw the Polish eagle? Who is now President of Poland and who is the Commander-in-Chief?

So certain are the members

of the junior underground of being able to bring out other issues of this freedom paper that they promise prizes for those readers who can answer all questions. They write, "The prizes will reach you through the same channels from which you received this paper."

Here is one of the "same channels." Marja is thirteen years old. She has straight black hair, cut in bangs, and wide gray eyes. Her clothes are ragged and dirty, for her mother has not been able to buy needles

or thread for a couple of years. The animal fat, out of which Marja's mother used to make soap, is now eaten hungrily whenever it can be obtained.

Marja is skipping down a cobbled street of old Cracow, her thin arms swinging by her side. A small detachment of Nazi soldiers, goose-stepping by, pays her little attention. But when they have turned the corner, Marja darts to a doorway, fishes a printed slip from inside her blouse and thrusts it through the letterbox. She is delivering the *Ladybird*.

And here is another young Polish heroine, as her story was told in the *Ladybird*:

Jadwiga was minding the cows on the edge of the hill. Below her was the village. It straggled to the edge of the woods and followed the winding stream. Jadwiga thought that anyone coming to her village for the first time would be certain to get lost in the maze of it.

Just then a big car full of Germans came along the road. They stopped when they saw Jadwiga. They called to her in German, but Jadwiga pretended not to hear them. Why should she help them? Let them get lost. And then they held out a card to her.

"They are looking for someone," flashed through Jadwiga's mind. "I'll find out

about this.

On the card she saw Walek's name. She knew they had come to arrest him. She thought fast. Then she pointed out a road that led to Walek's by a roundabout way, through muddy stretches and across dilapidated bridges. As soon as the Germans were on their way, Jadwiga started out

across the fields as fast as she could run. She reached Walek's cabin in time to warn him and two of his guerrilla friends.

Later, when the furious Germans in their muddy car again passed the cattle meadow, there was Jadwiga, calmly, sleeping under a tree.

The Nazis have tried to make slaves of the Poles by making them, first of all, stupid. They have closed all the schools and universities, burned their

books, and forbidden any teaching. That is why underground papers published by these young people are so important. They continued to advise other girls and boys. They keep all the young Poles united in common effort to save their birthrights, and they give them new hope.

"If our children can still publish magazines and newspapers, right under the Nazis' noses, we certainly aren't defeated," the Poles say.

In one issue of the *Ladybird*, there was a prayer for Polish girls and boys. Today there are thousands of young people, up in the Tatra mountains and in the ancient cities of Vilno and Cracow, in the ruins of Warsaw, and in the villages of the plains who repeat it:

Child of a country that has been tortured, I beg Thee, O Lord, that I may be always brave. Give me the courage of a real man, and the pride of a man, that my heart may beat strongly for Poland, that it will conquer all. Let my heart be full of the love of a son, and the faithfulness of a soldier. Please protect my home. Keep it free from defeat and mourning. Protect all who fight for Poland on land, on sea, and in the air.



On the surface a carefree girl—in reality a fighter.



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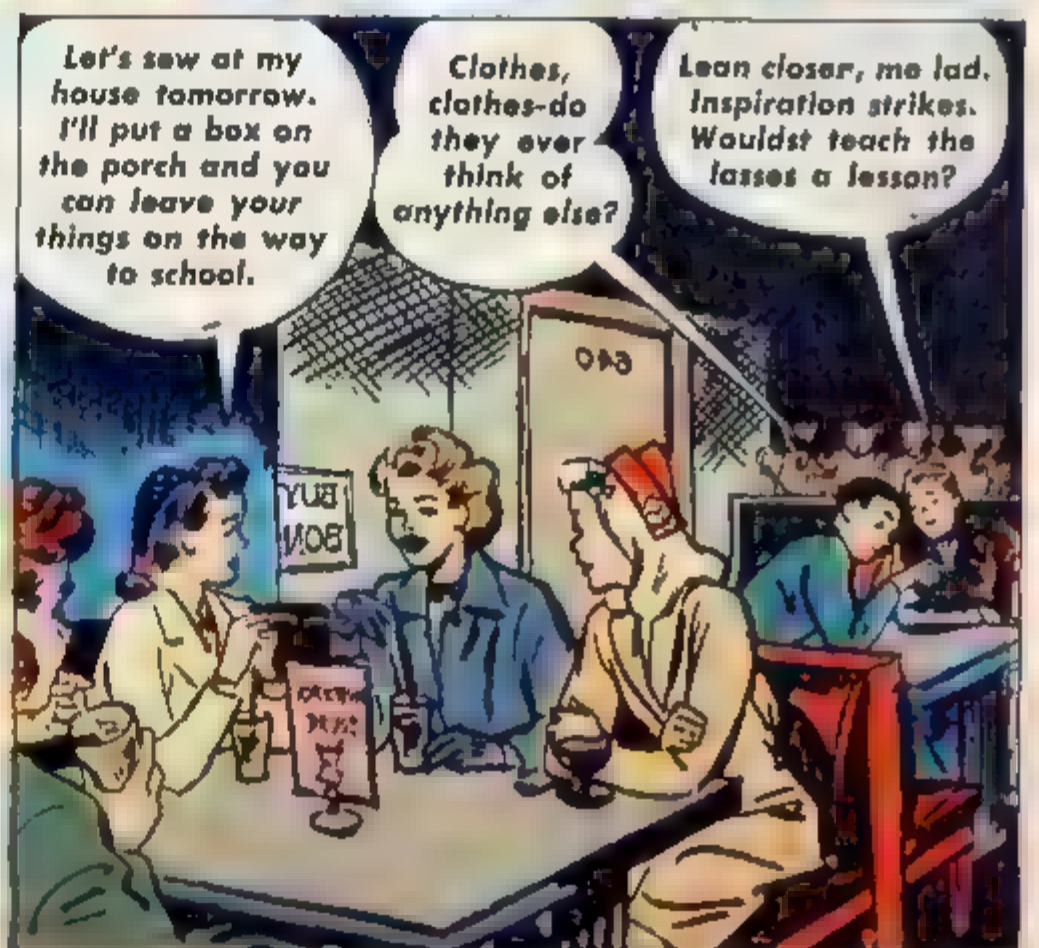
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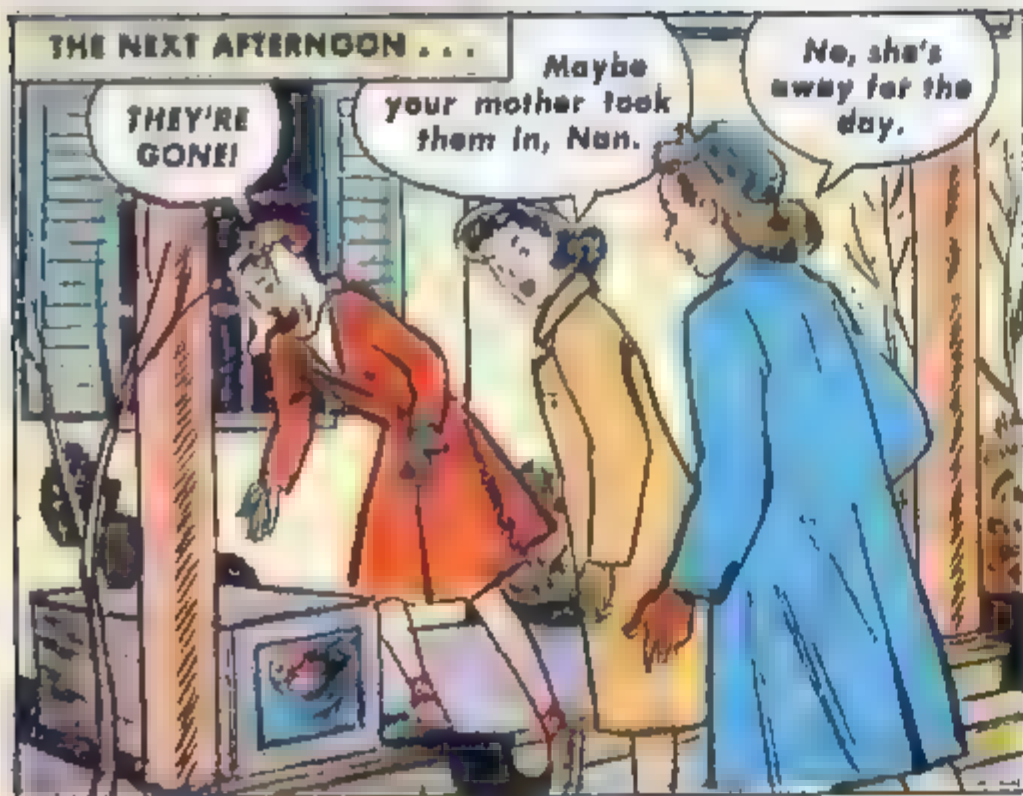


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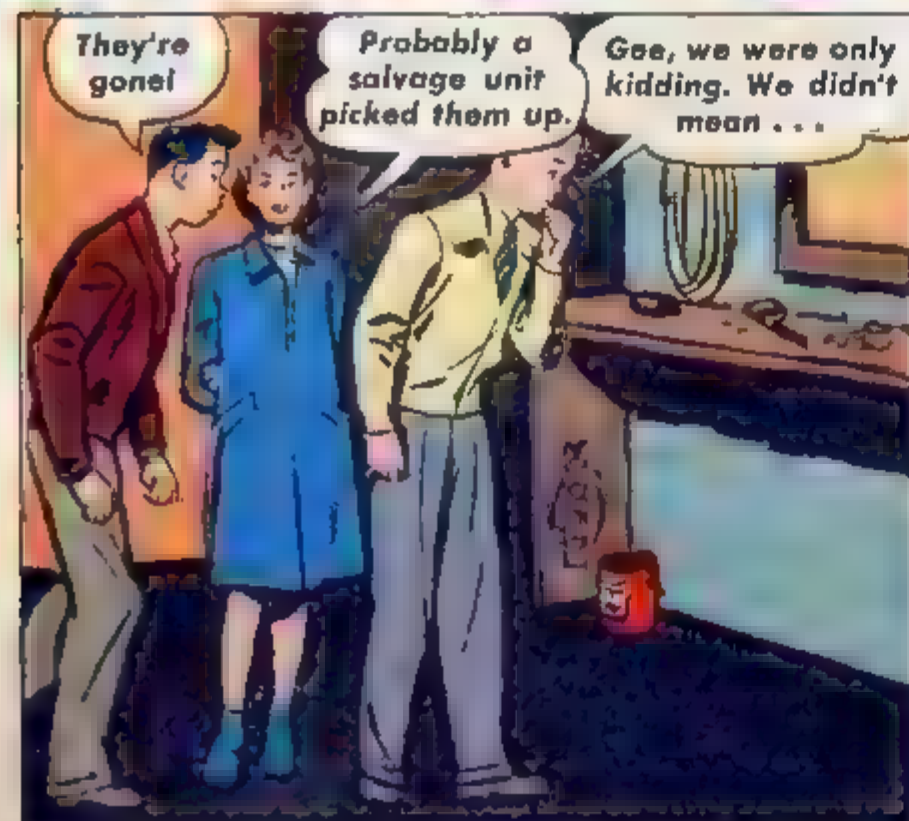
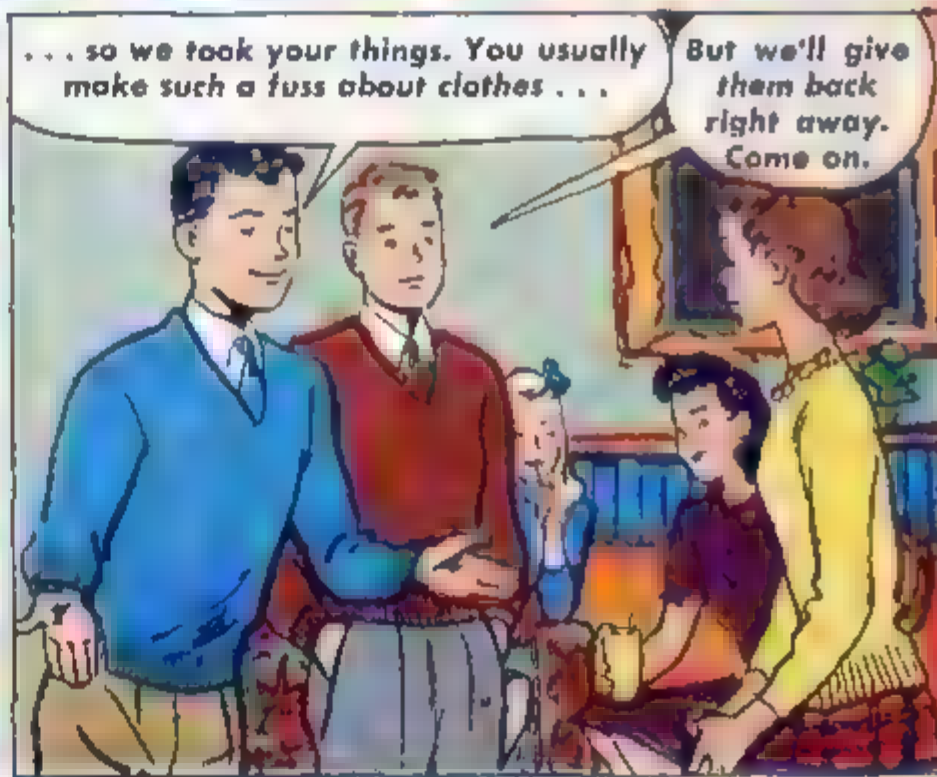
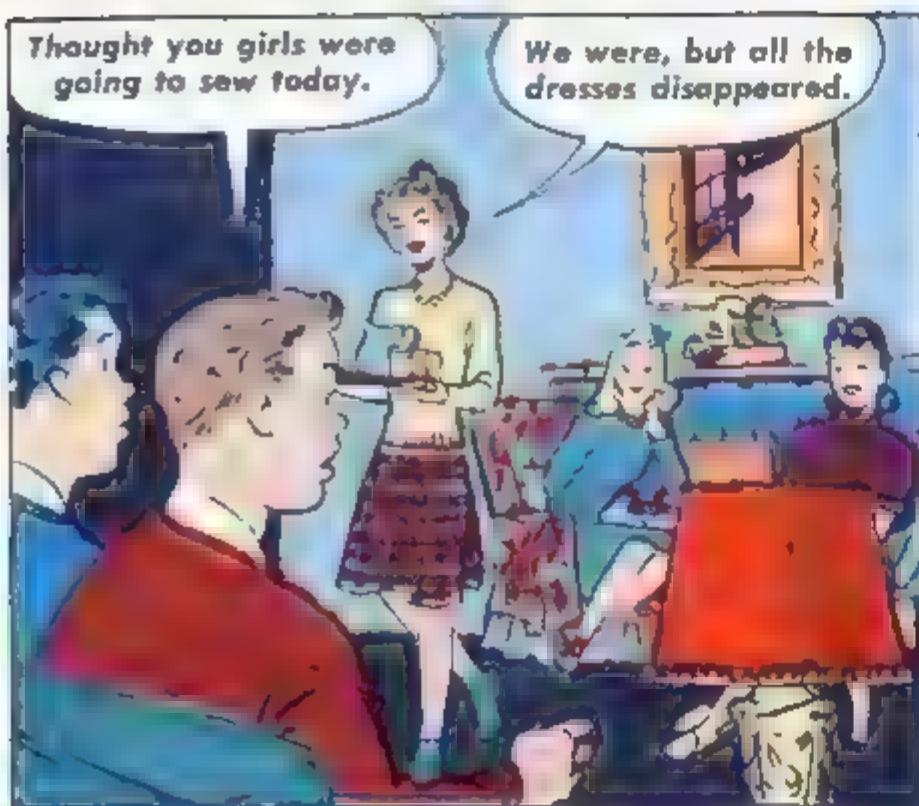
THE TRICKSTERS TRICKED



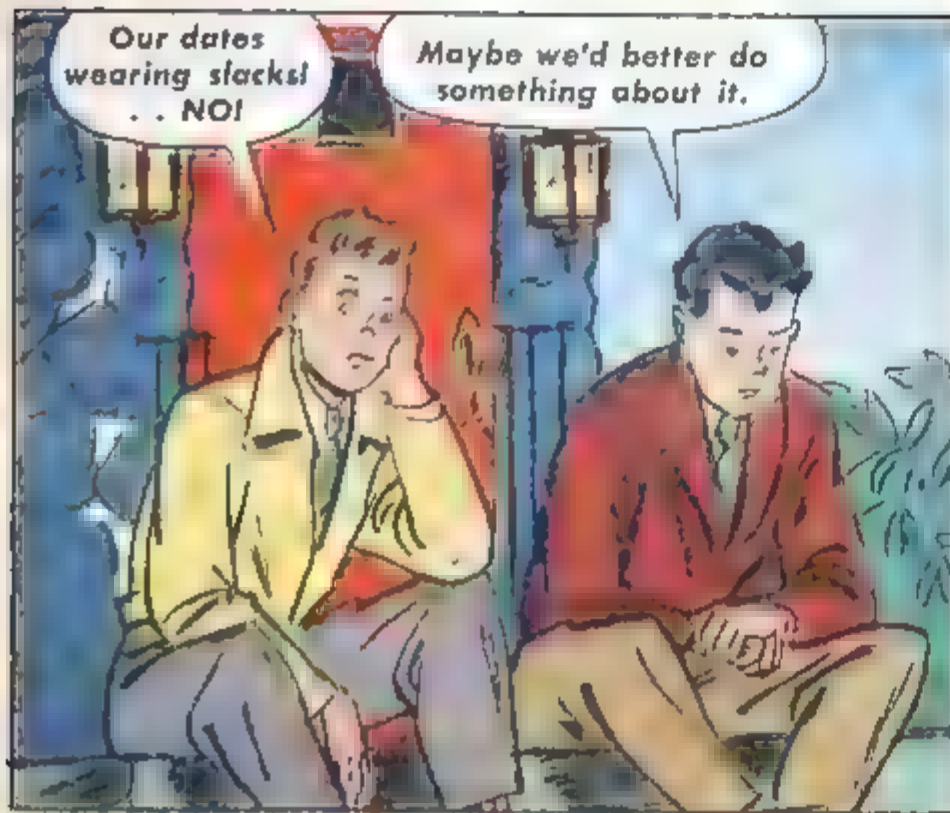






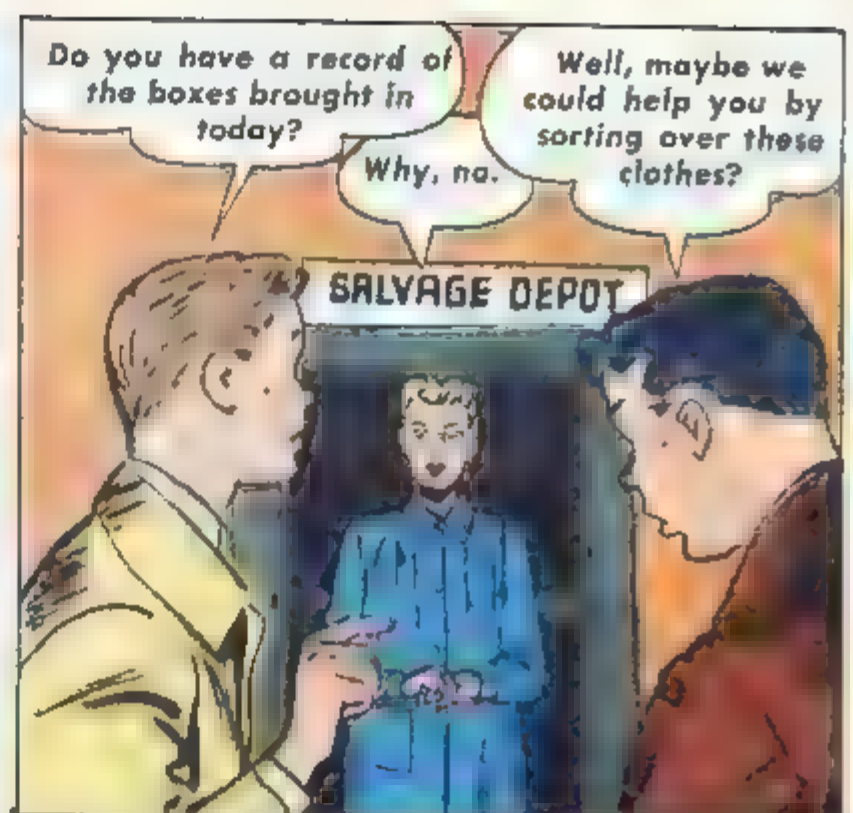






Our dates wearing slacks! . . . NO!

Maybe we'd better do something about it.

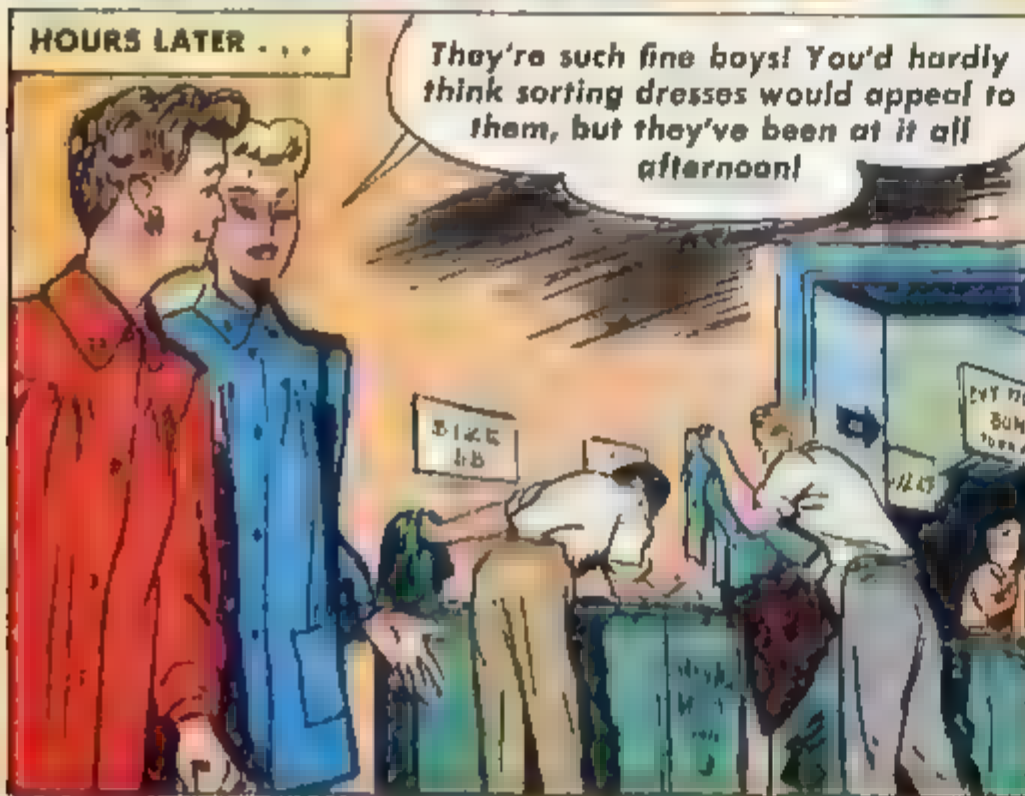


Do you have a record of the boxes brought in today?

Why, no.

Well, maybe we could help you by sorting over these clothes?

SALVAGE DEPOT



HOURS LATER . . .

They're such fine boys! You'd hardly think sorting dresses would appeal to them, but they've been at it all afternoon!



The dresses just aren't there.

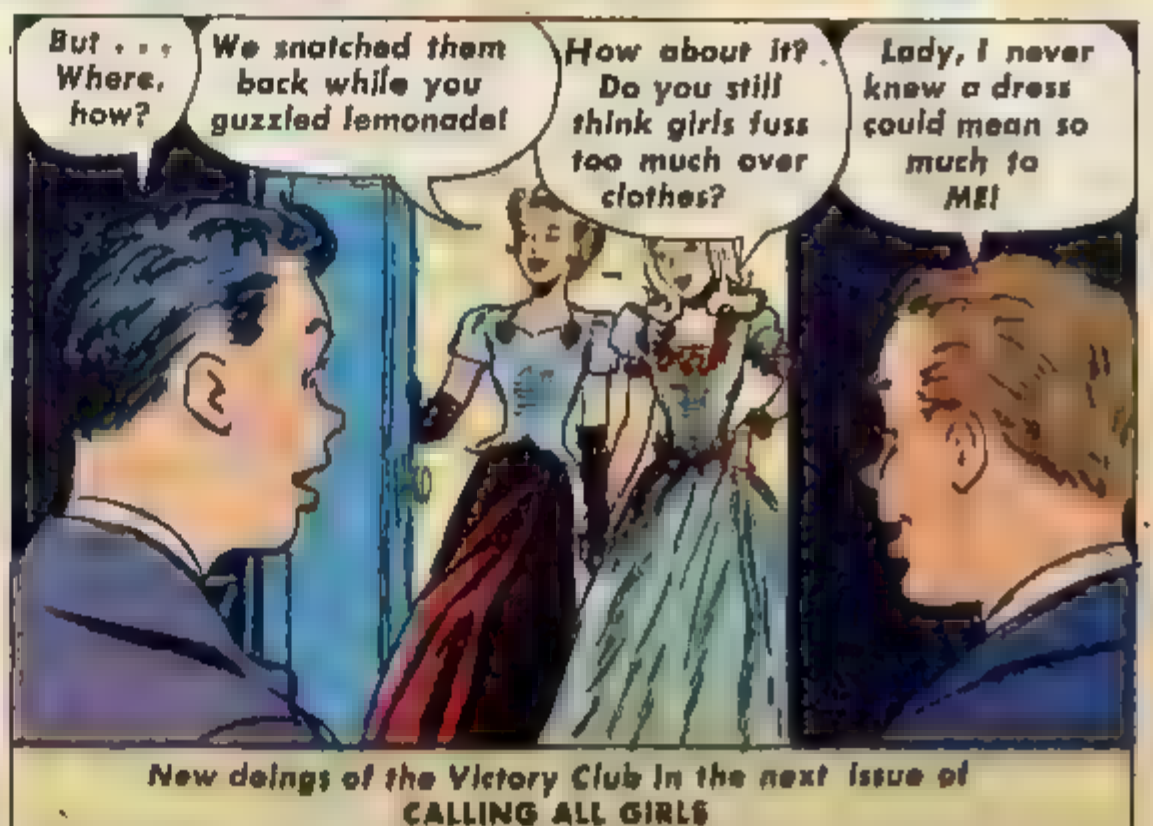
I guess we're licked.



THE NIGHT OF THE SPRING DANCE . . .

I sure dread this dance. Maybe they'd like to go to the movies instead.

To think it's our own fault that our girls are going to look like freaks!



But . . . Where, how?

We snatched them back while you guzzled lemonade!

How about it? Do you still think girls fuss too much over clothes?

Lady, I never knew a dress could mean so much to ME!

New doings of the Victory Club in the next issue of CALLING ALL GIRLS



# IT'S FUN TO SEW

CHAPTER VII

## DICKEY DOIN'S

PATTERNS ARE A PUSHOVER.  
DIDN'T THIS DICKEY  
TURN OUT WELL?

ADVANCE  
2998  
BLUTTERICK  
2251  
McCALL  
970

LOOK BEFORE YOU CUT!  
STUDY THE  
DIRECTIONS.

BOUND  
BUTTONHOLES  
COME FIRST  
AFTER  
CUTTING SEE  
DIAGRAMS

RIGHT SIDE

RIGHT SIDE

WRONG SIDE

STITCH & CLIP

TURN FOLD & BASTE

STITCH ENDS

BE SURE TO  
MATCH NOTCHES  
BEFORE  
SEAMING

FINISH EDGES, SEW ON  
BUTTON, AND WEAR.  
AREN'T PATTERNS POTENT?

TAKE a deep breath—  
here comes your first  
paper pattern! Start with  
something small, like a  
dickey, and you'll find that  
working out a pattern is  
like unraveling a chain of  
yarn. If you take each  
step in order, as indicated  
in the pattern instruct one,  
each problem smooths  
out as you come to it.  
For our Sewing Leaflet  
No. 7, send stamped, ad-  
dressed, large envel-  
ope to Nancy Pepper,  
CALLING ALL GIRLS,  
52 Vanderbilt Ave.,  
New York 17, N. Y.

LOOK  
WHAT'S  
COOKIN'  
FOR SPRING

when smart girls use  
**PRESS-ON\***  
MENDING TAPE  
and a **HOT** iron!

This Spring be a bomber in your  
squadron (dig me?). Wear snazzy  
clothes you decorate yourself, with  
Press-On Tape and a hot iron.  
For example, make glamour girl ap-  
pliques out of Press-On Tape and  
iron them on to your dresses, blouses,  
jumpers, kerchiefs and even your  
beanies. It's WASHPROOF! You lift  
these appliques from the Press-On  
back (see below). Makes new clothes  
terrible and even old ones look simply  
out of this world! Read these tips:

### MAKE A STUNNING BELT

Just picture this belt on your  
dress! Use several colors for the  
appliques which you'll find in the  
Press-On book. It's a clickerout!

### HERE'S DATE DAI

Dress up a plain-  
Jane dress with but-  
terfly appliques like  
these, and watch the  
slag line lit over. Or  
how about a "come  
higher" heart- and-  
arrow applique?

### KEEP THAT MILITARY SECRET

If you found a moth hole in your  
best wool dress, cover it with a  
military emblem and even your  
mother will think you're smart!

only 10¢ for Press-On Book

Wonderful ideas to decorate—also mend.  
Has over 100 appliques in tracing also  
and sample of Press-On Mending Tape

PRESS-ON\* IS WASHPROOF!

12 colors, 10¢ - 25¢  
at all 5¢ & 10¢ stores.

Department, drug, grocery,  
hardware & stationery stores



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**PRESS-ON, Inc.**

Dept. G-9, 14 West 61st St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.





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CALLING  
ALL GIRLS  
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fashions)**

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of stores listed below:**

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Binghamton, N. Y.....Hills, McLean & Hastings  
Boise, Idaho.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.  
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Bridgeport, Conn.....The D. M. Reed Co.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.....Namm Store, Inc.  
Buffalo, N. Y.....J. N. Adam & Co.  
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.....H. N. Craemer  
Cincinnati, Ohio.....John Shillito Co.  
Cleveland, Ohio.....Higbee Co.  
Columbus, Ga.....J. A. Kirven Co.  
Columbus, Ohio.....F. & R. Lazarus Co.  
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Detroit, Mich.....Crowley, M. Iner Co.  
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Fort Wayne, Ind.....Silliman Dry Goods Co.  
Gary, Ind.....H. Gordon & Sons  
Geneva, N. Y.....J. C. Smith Co.  
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Kansas City, Mo.....George B. Peck Co., Inc.  
Lawiston, Mo.....B. Park Company  
Lexington, Ky.....Stewart Dry Goods Co.  
Lynchburg, Va.....Guggenheimer's  
Madison, Wis.....Bacon Bros.  
Memphis, Tenn.....S. Lowenstein & Bros., Inc.  
Milwaukee, W. I.....Gimbel Bros.  
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Newark, N. J.....Kreige Dept. Store  
New York, N. Y.....Bloomingdale's  
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Springfield, Mass.....Heer Stores Co.  
Syracuse, N. Y.....Day Bros. & Co.  
Toledo, Ohio.....The Lion Dry Goods Co.  
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Torrington, Conn.....The W. W. Merit Co.  
Tulsa, Okla.....Brown-Dunkin  
Utica, N. Y.....Berger's Dept. Store  
Washington, D. C.....The Necht Co.  
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.....Pomeroy's, Inc.  
Wilmington, Ohio.....The H. H. Thorne Company  
Worcester, Mass.....Wm. F. Fane's Sons Co., Inc.  
York, Pa.....The Bon Ton  
Youngstown, Ohio.....The Strauss-Hirshberg Co.

**If your city is not listed here,  
write for name of store to  
Fashion Department,  
CALLING ALL GIRLS,**

**52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.**

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## MYSTERY IN WARD 13

(Continued from page 12)

a smooth white field.

"The others—they're closed beds, aren't they?" she asked.

"What do you think, Miss Fairfax? Are they unoccupied?"

"We—we hope they are. Unoccupied beds are always closed, aren't they, Miss Platt?"

Her teacher nodded and went out. A moment later the orderly, Jim Tait, wheeled the sailor's mother in on a stretcher. Gail and Eva helped him move her into bed.

Now Gail and Eva were both glad Miss Platt had come in time to correct them. It would have been impossible for the patient to slide into a closed bed from the stretcher.

The sailor returned just as they were finishing. He came into the ward so quietly that neither Gail nor Eva noticed him until they heard his voice.

"How are you, Mom? Gee! What've they been doing?"

"Taking my picture," they heard her reply cheerfully.

"Gail, I think that patient in the last bed is motioning to you," Eva said.

"That's Miss Holly. I'll see what she wants."

The little woman was sitting straight up in bed. She seemed very excited.

"Quick!" she gasped. "Look in that drawer and see if those jewels are safe. That sailor opened it and took something!"

Gail looked. Then she stared. There was nothing in the drawer except boxes of tissue and a clean white mask.

"My jewels are gone!" cried Miss Holly, reading the dismay in Gail's eyes. "I must get up at once and follow the thief!"

The gray-eyed sailor was just leaving the ward. Possessed with sudden strength, Miss Holly thrust both feet out of bed and would have been up in another minute if Gail hadn't held her.

Hearing the commotion, Dr. Britt, who had just come in with the examining box, came hurrying down the ward. Miss Robinson and another graduate nurse accompanied him.

"What's the matter, Miss Holly?" Dr. Britt asked in a soothing voice. "Worrying about those jewels again? Didn't I tell you I wouldn't let anyone touch them? The idea! Why, that nice young sailor is as innocent as I am."

"He's a man. I don't trust men," Miss Holly stated firmly.

"Don't you trust the nurse?"

"That one." She pointed at Gail.

"Promise to stay in bed if she looks after your jewels?"

Miss Holly promised, and Gail followed the doctor outside.

"There aren't any jewels," he explained, "except in poor Miss Holly's imagination. She has to be humored. Her prognosis is very poor."

"You mean," Gail asked, "that she may not get better?"

"That's what I mean. You'll learn the language. I heard about this morning's adventure. So Miss Holly told you how to turn off the oxygen. And you put out the blaze yourself?" He turned to the head nurse.

"Here's a student you'll be able to depend on. Better keep her in mind for your difficult patients. She's already won Miss Holly's confidence."

"And how!" Miss Robinson actually laughed as she added, "Don't forget, Miss Gardner, you are to take good care of Miss Holly's jewels."

Now Gail was completely bewildered. Imaginary jewels!

"By the way," Dr. Britt added, his eyes twinkling, "if you really want to get to the bottom of this, you might examine the contents of that wastebasket. You should find some interesting clues."

"What did he mean by that?" asked Gail when he was gone.

"Don't ask me," shrugged Miss Robinson. "Nobody around here ever knows what Dr. Britt means, but if you want to carry that wastebasket over to your room, you have my permission. It doesn't belong in Ward 13."

(To be continued)

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WHY bother about set-in sleeves when the Number 1 Hit Fashion is this easy-to-make cap sleeve, U-neck dirndl? You can build an entire summer dress wardrobe around this one pattern, in different fabrics. Isn't it a dilly?

Advance Pattern No. 3473.  
Sizes 9 to 17. Price 25c.

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Advance Pattern No. 3473 and Simplicity Pattern No. 4924 obtainable at your local dealers or send cash to Patterns, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. State pattern number and size when you order.



**APPLIQUÉS—**It looks like an entirely different dress in Everfast Erin with Redy-Cut appliqués of the same color-fast, washable spun rayon. Hazel Space wears it here.

**DUTCHIE—**Make Dutch caps to match all your frocks. This one unbuttons to wash like a hankie.

Dutch cap, Simplicity Pattern No. 4924. Price 16c. Small, medium, large sizes.

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for your own room, today—for your home of tomorrow!

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# Heaven Bound!



## Barbara Boys

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# Make

For Where-to-Buy information, send a 3c stamped, self-addressed, legal size envelope to Fashions, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Be sure to specify which of the styles you are looking for.





**G**ONE are the hatless pompadours of yesterday! Here are the new flat-top hair-dos of 1944 and the spring hats that go with 'em. They're priced from \$1.95 up, to suit every budget, and they're waiting for you in the teen department or the junior millinery department of your favorite store. Our models are teen-agers like yourselves and we think they prove to you that a Becoming Hat is the Sincerest Form of Flattery!

# *yourself* **HAT** *tractive*

By NANCY PEPPER, Fashion Editor

1—Beau Bonnets—Left, straw, upturned bonnet. A new Teen-Age by Gage. Right, felt wide-brimmed bonnet by Betty Ann.

2—20-20—"20-20" means "perfect vision," a good name for this veiled, flowered felt by Salfair for your dress-up dates.

3—Quill Thrill—Perfect suit-ers. New bonnet pillbox, left, by Junior Miss. Tucked calat, right, by Touster. Sally Mason blouses. Forget-Me-Not friendship link bracelet.

4—Half-Hat—More than a bandeau, less than a hat. Tie them under your hair. Milliner-Made fashions. Colorful button jewelry by Gadgetrix and Accessocraft.

5—Eyelet Eyefuls—Light-as-a-feather crocheted, starched straw in bonnet pillbox and your favorite Dutch cap by Mad-caps. Aren't the peasant blouses darling?

6—Derby Darling—It's still tops for tailored wear. A Dobbs hat fashion. Button earring and brooch set by Accessocraft.



YIPP



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STYLE YIPP \_\_\_\_\_ WING DINGER \_\_\_\_\_

SIZE Small \_\_\_\_\_ Medium \_\_\_\_\_ Large \_\_\_\_\_

COLOR: Black \_\_\_\_\_ Brown \_\_\_\_\_ Navy \_\_\_\_\_

Kelly \_\_\_\_\_ Wild Grape \_\_\_\_\_ Copper \_\_\_\_\_

Red \_\_\_\_\_ Light Coffee \_\_\_\_\_

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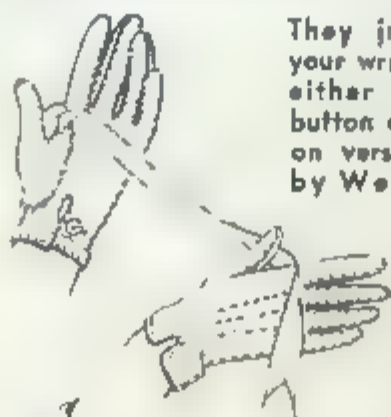
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# Superlatively Yours

ARE your accessories Good?  
Are they Better? Or are  
they BEST? Here are the smart-  
est accents for spring—each one  
a superlative in its own right!

## The Shortest Cotton Gloves

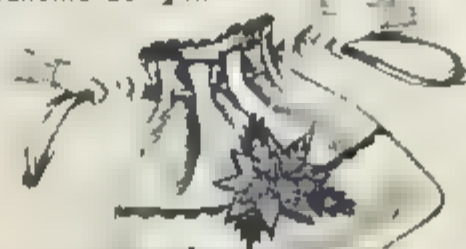


They just cover  
your wrist. Select  
either the front  
button or the pull-  
on versions styled  
by Wear Right.



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Pin Coro's wiggly  
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lapel or give your suit  
a Western twang with  
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Everything's in the bag when you  
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Easter goes to your head with these  
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# Tricks for Teens

Some odds and ends  
Plus imagination  
Make a new accessory  
A real sensation

**State Your Allegiance**—Don't just wear your service insignia on your arms. Sew them on the points of your kerchiefs, too.—*Dorothy Helen Cherry, Chester, Pa.* Cut the insignia off the letters from your friends in the service. Reinforce them with cardboard and string them on a chain or a cord for a necklace.—*Olive Steckenpeter, Brooklyn, N. Y.* Two master sergeant chevrons sewed together make a cute change purse. You can put either a zipper or several snaps along one of the long sides for fastening.—*Flora Dorfman, Newark, N. J.* Take an Air Corps insignia and sew it on your powder puff. It looks neat in your compact.—*Barbara Rogers, Hialeah, Fla.*

**SOS for Shoes or Stockings**—Don't be late for school just because the tin comes off the ends of your shoe strings and they won't lace. Just dip the tips in clear nail polish, allow them to dry for about ten minutes (while you are doing something else), and they'll work as well as new.—*Velma Meyer, Monroe, Mich.* This one is for tall girls who want longer stockings than they can buy. Just cut the tops off of a pair of old stockings and sew them on the new ones. This also helps stockings wear longer because it relieves the strain.—*Velba Tanguay, Hull, Que.*

**Use Your Bean About Your Beanie**—If your beanie looks old and sad, brighten it up with ball fringe. Sew rows and rows around the crown of the beanie until it is completely covered and dancing with ball fringe.—*Hilma Walleen, Riverside, Conn.* A new version of the old stocking cap

is a new beanie. Cut the foot off an odd and useless stocking. Tie a knot half way up the leg. Cut one end in strips and braid it into a tassel. Roll the other end up until it fits your head like a snug cap.—*Beverly Watson, Namanno.*

**B. C.** Do you use hatpins? Then make them an asset. Cut out duplicate pieces of felt in the shapes of flowers or animals. Sew the designs together and slip them over the heads of hatpins.—*Terry McGarrity, Irvington, N. J.*

## Joan Lord

### FASHIONS



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AND YOU'LL REALLY LOOK  
"REET"**

Joan Lord Fashions are strictly in the groove . . . they'll make you look super solid. Yes, you'll like the style and Mom will like the value—so always look for the Joan Lord label when you buy

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#### \$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published

We have a new title for our gadgets. And so we want new and different tricks. Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address *Tricks for Teens, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.* All entries become the property of *CALLING ALL GIRLS*. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

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### "Miss Petiteen 1944"



Jackie Macmillan, Winner of the  
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New Spring Petiteen Frock.

ANY thanks, all of you CALLING ALL GIRLS readers, for your enthusiastic participation in the PETITEEN Contest. You picked a winner for MISS PETITEEN 1944, and you'll pick a winner every time you choose a PETITEEN — THE DRESS THAT TURNS YOU INTO A TEEN!

Jackie makes her debut as MISS PETITEEN 1944 wearing a potent PETITEEN dress of rayon crepe.\* It has that beruffled U shaped neckline you're all swooning for and the long slender bodice that makes you look like a "20-20". (That's Jobberwacky for "perfect vision".) In Copan, Rose, and Aqua with White frosting.

About \$8.00 PETITEEN Sizes 10, 12, 14, 14A

\* A DUPLEX Fabric

This is just one of the dreamy, up-to-the-mo styles identified by the PETITEEN tag at your favorite store. Be sure to look for them!



FOR THE GIRL TOO OLD FOR 7 TO 14's • TOO SMALL TO WEAR TEEN SIZES

## LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 18)

want their children to have well-balanced after-school hours, not too much sitting passively, "being entertained," nor too much endless running about.

The important thing to remember, whenever one is or has been sick, is that the more one does gradually to get back into the full swing of living, the better. We once knew a boy who said very frankly that he didn't want to leave the hospital because he enjoyed being waited on and having all his guests bring him nice presents! But that kind of dependence cannot last long and should not.

If there were nothing else in President Roosevelt's life that we would consider significant, his courage and his fighting will to overcome the physical handicap resulting from infantile paralysis would be memorable. While we cannot all measure up to the heroic great, we can all do something toward strengthening our spirit.

*My mother doesn't punish me when I do something wrong which is directly in need of a punishment such as a spanking. I try to avoid wrong things, but I can't all the time and it's affecting my personal life because I don't have enough discipline. My girl-friend has to keep a book of her wrongdoings and punishments hung up in her room where people can see it. Do you think that I should tell Mother I don't like to be punished but I think that is the point of my trouble?—Grace M., aged 13, New York.*

THERE are probably a number of girls who will be somewhat surprised to hear Grace's complaint that she does not get punished enough! But there really are young people who have the idea that being punished is a proof of their parents' love and attention.

Grace need not come to the conclusion that more punishments or greater strictness would make her feel better. Spankings or being deprived of things she very much wants



might relieve her conscience and even make her think her parents are giving her more time and thought. But many people who have studied the effects of constant punishment believe that it makes for bad feeling and does not really cure difficulties. Punishment may act as a temporary stop-gap and may also afford relief for feelings of remorse or regret. If a girl believes it helps her to have a list of "wrongdoings" posted in her room, this may be because she is thus enabled to keep her mistakes in mind, and to face and do something about them. (Some girls would find this a rather cruel and tantalizing practice.) But unless this girl knows what to do in order to feel and act better, and learns to understand why she behaves as she does, little will really be gained.

Is it possible that what Grace is hoping for it is not more punishment for her misdeeds but praise for things well done? We sometimes think that we cannot have rewards unless punishments go with them, that we cannot win praise without also deserving some blame, and in looking for one, we ask for the other.

We believe that what Grace is really asking for is to be assured of her parents' interest and affection. She just wonders sometimes whether without punishing her they can care enough about her deeds and misdeeds and notice how hard she is "trying to avoid wrong things." The fact is that her very wish to become the best possible kind of girl is a sign that in her home and from her parents she has learned and is learning many important things about her own responsibilities and what it means to care about her own progress and development. She is finding out how to become truly self-disciplined.

We are Juniors and Seniors in high school. We live in a small town and all of the available males have either gone to the Army or to college. We aren't allowed to go to the



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# Linda Lee

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camp dances and would like to know what to do to lift our lowered morale.—Dolores M., and Mary Lou L., Louisiana.

**T**HE Juniors and Seniors have our sincere sympathy, but we are sure they can—and do—find comfort in knowing that they are far from alone in feeling the effects of the male shortage. War does some terrible things, and not the least is its effect on the normal ways and lives of young people.

However, these girls are really on the threshold of living and not in nearly as difficult a position, let us say, as their older sisters of twenty and thirty whose boy-friends, sweethearts, and, in many cases, young husbands, are in the very midst of war.

Keeping busy with regular schoolwork and home activities is not always very dramatic, but it is essential just the same. Then there are all sorts of special home-front war work—such as taking the places of young men in various after-school and vacation-time jobs, minding younger children when busy mothers are doing civilian volunteer war work. There are boys the same age or even younger who can be fun—and good practice!

Perhaps the girls' parents and teachers would be willing to help plan parties at their school or at a Y or at a church. Certain special dances might also be arranged for some of the girls and the younger draftees, and proper supervision provided, so that the Juniors and Seniors could have the fun of being social with and providing good recreation for the attractive young uniformed men in their midst. These are community problems and large numbers of cities and towns have met them well through USO and canteen services.

**WE'RE SORRY**—that we have had to refuse a number of advertisements for this issue of **CALLING ALL GIRLS**. Under paper restrictions, we cannot add pages to the magazine, and in order to give our readers our customary editorial features, we have had to limit the amount of advertising.  
**THE PUBLISHERS.**

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advertised on page 3  
are available at leading  
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## RIDE 'EM, COWGIRL!

(Continued from page 7)

while Roy Rogers and his horse Trigger did their sequence in the center of the arena. We asked Mitzi how she liked being part of the great Rodeo. "It's exciting to be here," she drawled, "but I wish they'd give us more to do." Probably Mitzi would have preferred taking a turn in the bronco-busting contests.

Of course Mitzi doesn't remember her first trip to New York so she was glad of the opportunity to see the city. She was impressed by the buildings, by meeting Mayor LaGuardia, by the avenues and the numbers of people. But Mitzi wants to know where people live and go to school! She's sure she didn't see a single school though she rode the whole length of the city in the Rodeo parade!

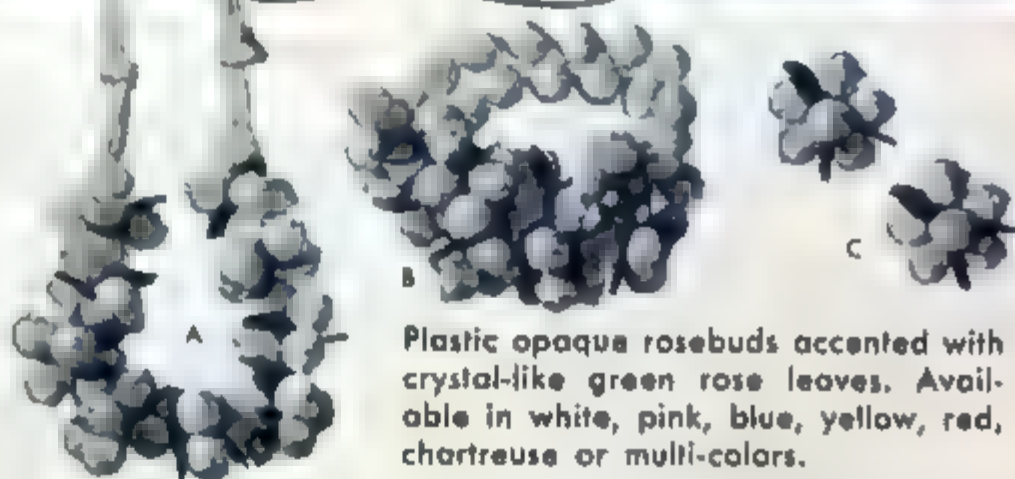
In private life, Mitzi is a junior in high school. She spends most of her after-school hours on horseback, practicing her tricks, and teaching the two little girls next door some of the secrets. Riding is always pleasure, not work for Mitzi.

When we met Mitzi, she was attired in the customary colorful rodeo dress, orange breeches with blue appliques, an orange satin shirt to match with a blue chiffon kerchief knotted at her throat, boots, and, of course, a creamy-white sombrero. Mitzi told us that her mother makes all her riding clothes. Mitzi wears breeches and a shirt most of the time—in fact, she says she doesn't feel a bit natural when she has to put on a dress for school or church!

After high school, Mitzi has a scholarship lined up at Hardin-Simmons University at Abilene, Texas. Mitzi isn't just sure yet what her course of study will be, what her ambitions are. Her father has some ideas about her being an artist, but Mitzi modestly pushed that aside. She herself entertains some vague thoughts of being a nurse. However, the experts are willing to take any bets that she will go on to be the champion cowgirl of the world.

**SAYS:**

DEE-GEE! CROSS MY FINGERS AND CALL ME LUCKY! A TRIPLE CHARGE OF DATE BAIT... STRICTLY BOX-OFFICE! FOR THAT HOLLYWOOD SOUTH SEA ISLE LOOK, **100 EA.**



Plastic opaque rosebuds accented with crystal-like green rose leaves. Available in white, pink, blue, yellow, red, chartreuse or multi-colors.

A... Necklace... lush with roses on a lovely matching cord.  
B... Cluster bracelet on elastic for snug yet comfortable fit  
C... Earrings... six lovely roses accented with a few rose leaves.

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# HEADLINE NEWS

Girls choose smoothness, glamour, oomph in new hair-dos. Here are styles for spring—every one a winner in its own right

By LOUISE CARLISLE, Good Looks Editor



**Ren-u-ti-ful...** that's what they'll say about your hair when you use *Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo* regularly each week, for Fitch brings out hidden highlights... makes hair alluringly soft and easy to manage.

**Fitch is different** and is applied differently, directly to the hair and scalp before water is added, so it penetrates and cleanses the tiny hair openings... leaving them free from dandruff and the hair free from dirt and dust. Fitch lathers abundantly in hard or soft water... rinses away completely without need for a special after-rinse.

**Guaranteed** to remove dandruff with the first application, Fitch Shampoo is good for all members of the family. Get Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo at your favorite drug counter.

*Tune In*

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"Hear the nation's **BIG NAME** Bands and top-flight Great Stars. Also their success stories on the **FITCH BANDWAGON** every Sunday evening at 7:30 EDT, over NBC," says **TOM REDDY, Driver.**



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## FLAT TOP SCORES HIT

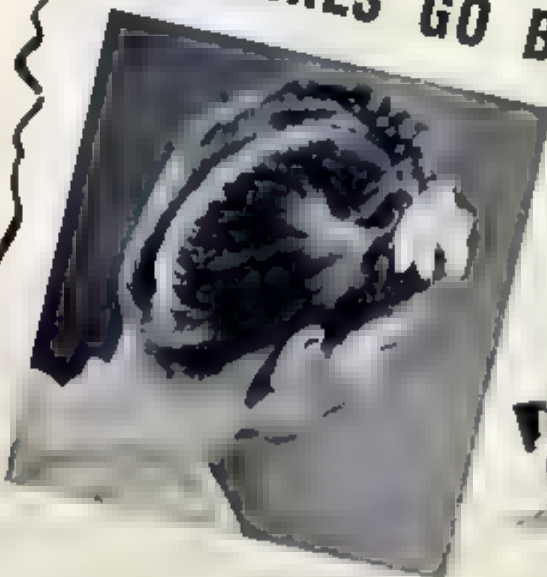


Photos from Proctor & Gamble,  
makers of Drene Shampoo

**H**AVE you tried the smooth hair-do that the smartest teenagers are going for these days? Down comes the pompadour—brush, brush, brush—and

you wear a shining crown. It's distinctly Spring 1944 to be a Flat Top. Lots of style-setters are having their locks cut shorter. Feather cuts rate high, too.

## BIG GIRLS GO BACK TO PIGTAILS



**I**F you still love a pompadour, try a modified version with pigtails—a surprise combination that makes talk. Or wind

them on top of the head for a crisp, ready-for-anything effect. Great big hair ribbons on pigtails are a fine fad, too.

Some of New York's leading hair stylists have contributed ideas for spring, 1944, to our new leaflet, "Fix Your Hair to Flatter Your Face and Figure." For a FREE copy, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope (large size, please) to the Good Looks Editor, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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## LOCAL GIRL GOES OVER WITH A BANG



Photo from Mac Davis  
makers of Bang Leaders

**C**OULD this be you? If you yearn for something new in hair-dos, try a bang—it may be just what you need to put you in the high-style class. If you have a high forehead or a long face, this new vogue is especially good news for you. Straight or fluffy, off-center or turned under, long or short, bangs spell glamour.

## VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE BAND



**N**EWER than flowers in the hair—practical, too, because it holds your smooth hair smoothly in place. And glamorous like anything! Choose your favorite band for each costume and occasion. These are some of the most news-making: Velvet, the flatterer; colorful felt; material from your new dress or skirt. How about knitting or crocheting a headband to match your best sweater?

# A Lass and a Lack

(... OF CONFIDENCE)

**W**oe is you! Dressed up to go to the most-fun party of the year... and what happens? Your calendar tells you to call things off... for you just can't mask your feelings, can you?

Then in pops Sue for a final dress preview—and speaks her mind, but plenty! "It's murder," she says. "Why kill your chances for future dates?"

"What you need is the confidence you get from knowing *exactly* what's okay, what's ixnay, on a girl's 'certain' days. In short," Sue continues, "read the swell new booklet 'As One Girl To Another'!"

And she explains that "As One Girl To Another" gives you *free*, straight-from-the-shoulder advice on the very problems you've been noodling over. Dancing. Grooming. Social Contacts. Sports, too... like basket ball and swimming.

It puts your mental attitude squarely on the beam. That's why, with "As One Girl To Another," your confidence takes a sky-ride... you can perk up and play!

So mail the coupon for your free copy of this young-hearted, helpful booklet. Don't delay! And don't forget—it's *free*. Compliments of the makers of Kotex® Sanitary Napkins.

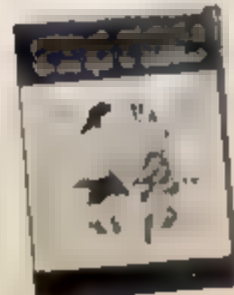
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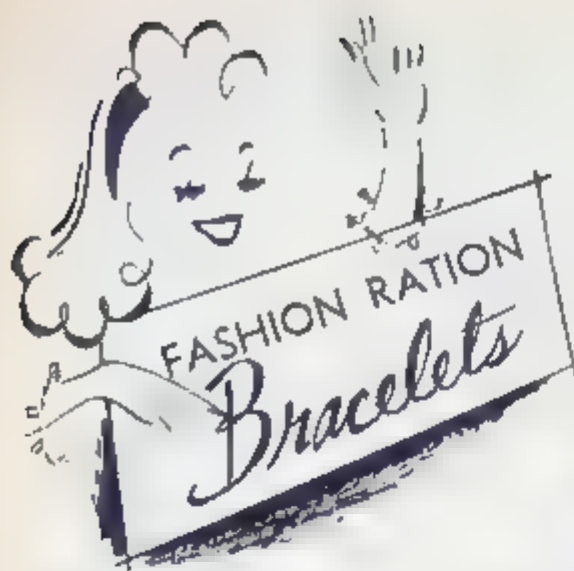
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Sizzly cans of your favorite brands on a gold colored chain for a fashion appetizer sure listens O.K. And you'll be headin' on the right track and packin' a lot of fun with these chew-chew bracelets... keen miniature reproductions of chewing-gum packs in exact colors to dangle on your wrist. The sticks actually pull out.

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# Do You Make a Pretty

You're cordially invited to view  
with alarm these portraits of  
diners who eat without charm

By ELENA CHANCE  
Who Knows Her Do's and Don't's



**MEAT POINTS.** Genevieve smiled coyly for the artist, thinking it was her entrancing hair-do the artist wanted to catch for posterity. But the artist was intrigued only by a high school student with high-chair eating habits. Her mother used to tie a bib around baby Genevieve's neck and cut her meat in tiny mouthfuls. And Genevieve never outgrew it. Will she ever learn to cut one bite at a time and to keep her napkin on her lap?



**BOARDINGHOUSE REACH.** Jessie's family, notes the artist, eats warily and is always ready to duck as they do not know when the long arm of the daughter of the house will shoot past. Jessie doesn't believe in asking to have the gravy passed because it's such great sport to capture the bowl herself with commando tactics. The artist had to retreat hurriedly under the table, to escape a large cascade of gravy.



**BREADLINE.** If you belong to the polite school of diner who breaks off a small piece of bread, butters it sparingly, and eats it in small bites, you will see why our artist's attention was caught when Young Cousin visited. Young Cousin prefers to slap butter on a whole slice of bread and then see how much she can get into her mouth with one bite. Our artist, who has a beauty-loving soul, couldn't bear to record the next scene in which Young Cousin, without first using her napkin, rapidly gulped down a drink of water, leaving an ugly butter rim around the glassware.

**SOUPE DROOP.** This novel approach to the soup bowl captured the artist's fancy recently as she toured a school cafeteria looking for subjects. In this technique, the bowl is tipped toward the mouth which is bent low to receive the head-on approach of the spoon. Sound effects are provided by a gentle slurp-slurping as the soup is lapped up. This is quite a departure from the traditional method of permitting the bowl to rest in peace on the table while soup is carried up in the spoon and gracefully emptied broadside into the waiting mouth.





# Picture?

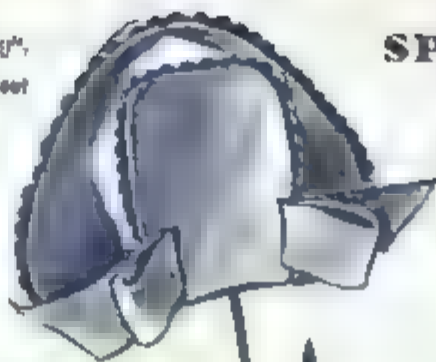


**A GIRL CAME TO DINNER—ONCE.** The artist thought Anastasia was talking Jabberwocky and that's how she happened to get this striking, detailed sketch. It turned out that Anastasia was just talking with her mouth full, so nobody understood her anyway. It must have been an important remark, too, judging from the emphatic way she's waving the leg of the chicken. The artist is still wondering how Anastasia looks without her cheeks puffed out. The artist also wants to know why such a strong, healthy-looking girl needs the elbow on the table for support. No backbone?



**GOOD TO THE LAST CRUMB.** It was a dinner of practically pre-war quality, the artist reports, and everyone was feeling benevolent and relaxed. The meal was finished and everyone else was content to let it be a thing of the past. But Clementine just slid down until her tired jaw rested on her shoulder, and amused herself by hunting for the last piece of nut wedged between her molars. So the poor artist couldn't relax, after all. She had to complete the final subject for the grand hanging, which is the only deserved fate of these unlovely displayers, who should know the pictures they make of themselves.

A—"BEST BEAU"—  
Part bows to peek out  
from behind.



SPRING

*Hat-tractions*



C—"A-TASKET"—  
and another basket  
in the back!



B—"FORGET-ME-  
NOT": Sassy flowers  
to frame your face.

Go Dutch! . . . In one of these three bright new hats—they're really on the beam! You'll wow 'em at your favorite soda bar in a flirtatious summer felt bannet, with tricky contrasting details. Red, Kelly, Navy, Beige, Copen, Maize, Dusty Rose.

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## WHEN YOU'RE THE NURSE

(Continued from page 9)

care rules that the home nurse learns and follows at all times:

- 1—The baby should be carefully protected from people who have colds or any other illness.
- 2—The baby should never be kissed on the mouth by anyone, sick or well.
- 3—The baby should never be allowed to drink from a glass or cup or to eat from a fork or spoon used by another person.
- 4—The baby should never have his nose, mouth, or hands wiped with another person's handkerchief. Use paper tissues or keep a clean handkerchief for his personal use.

Of course, home nursing doesn't mean that you're expected to take the doctor's place. The home nurse merely knows what to do until the doctor arrives and how to carry out his orders. But that's a very important job. Often the first person to arrive on the scene of an accident or a sudden illness is the person who prevents serious complications.

And naturally nobody expects you to know your way around fever thermometers, pulse rates, bed baths, sick-room charts, and liquid diets without thorough training. You shouldn't attempt anything more than the simplest care until you know exactly the right technique. A bungling, awkward nurse can cause the patient much discomfort.

Some of these things your mother or school nurse could teach you. But it would be even better to take a home nursing course. There are many being given to teen-age girls today. One is now being offered in many high schools, by the Red Cross. It takes about thirty hours and grants a home nursing certificate. Not a cap, perhaps, but your cap will be the halo of pride you wear, pride in a job well done and in being an active, contributing member, not only to your family, but to the home front.



## YOU'LL BE "SWEET STUFF" in Brassieres by Maiden Form

Ten to one your gal-friends with snazzy "figgers" give nature the right kind of first aid. Your figure, too, will be sweet stuff when you wear the brassiere Maiden Form designed for your bosom-type. Select carefully, buy sparingly—it's only fair, these days, when all good things are scarce. However Maiden Form makes deliveries regularly so try again soon if your dealer hasn't your style when you first look.



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

### Coming Soon In CALLING ALL GIRLS

#### VICTORY BEGINS AT HOME

Or at a neighbor's, when, like Debby, you decide that your part in the war is being a "sitter."

#### IN THE SHADOW OF THE GESTAPO

A true picture story of a French girl in Tunis who helped many soldiers escape from the Nazis.

#### DOWN ON THE FARM

This article tells how girls can help win the war by helping with crops—how to get farm jobs, what to do, and how to have fun at the same time. Good reading, too!

And many more fine features of fun, fact, and fiction.

## THE GIRL BEHIND THE BOY

(Continued from page 6)

whole principle of your story is wrong—the mechanic never should have gone up in the plane in the first place."

"I guess you're right." Sassy was feeling pretty pleased with herself. Why, Gabe couldn't have reacted better if she'd written out his speeches herself. And now in another instant he'd see the parallel between himself and the mechanic—and everything would be fixed.

But it didn't work out that way. Because suddenly Gabe was on his feet and snatching up his racket, and a moment later he was back at the ping-pong table.

"What about another game? I'll beat you plenty this time."

"But Gabe, you—I..."

"What's the matter? Sore because I beat you?"

"Of course not. But..."

Sassy could have cried.

"Then what gives? Is it what I said about your story? Gee, you asked for my opinion, and then when I give it to you..."

"That's not it. Forget it."

Sassy managed a smile as she crossed the room. The chance was gone, and she couldn't bring it back any more than she could fly. "I was just lazy. But you'll see who wins this time, smarty."

When Sassy came down to breakfast in the morning there were circles under her eyes. For hours during the night she had gone over her conversation with Gabe, discovering each time an opportunity she might have seized if she had been clever enough. But she hadn't. Now she told herself unhappily that it served her right—it would teach her to mind her own business. But that was no comfort either, because she knew that this was her business—food was everybody's business these days.

After breakfast she picked up the paper and from the front page four merchant seamen grinned mockingly up at



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her. They had just been awarded medals for "extraordinary bravery under fire." That was the last straw. She could just imagine Gabe's face when he caught sight of it.

"Hi! Anybody home?"

Sassy made an instinctive move to cover up the paper, and then turned resignedly away. Gabe would have seen it at home.

"I was just going to do the dishes," she said, and walked briskly toward the sink as Gabe ambled in. She'd tried and she'd failed, and that was all there was to it.

"I'll dry for you," Gabe picked up the dish towel.

There was something different about his voice. Sassy glanced at him and decided that he looked different, too. It was probably because he'd come to tell her that he was leaving immediately. A moment later he confirmed her fears.

"See that stuff about the merchant seamen in today's paper?" His attempt at casualness didn't fool Sassy for a moment.

"Yes. I—I saw it."

"Some story, huh?"

She turned away toward the stove for the coffee pot, to avoid Gabe's glance. But on the way back she paused beside the table and looked down once more at the photograph. Now all the seamen wore Gabe's face; four times he was grinning up at her from the page.

She pulled her eyes away and then turned back again. A paragraph in the story had caught her eye.

"We didn't do anything special," said Charles Carter, youngest of the quartet above, when he was interviewed today. "We just knew the food on our ship had to get there, that's all. And we weren't going to let any submarine stop it. After all, how are those guys in the tanks and planes going to fight if they don't have food? So we just..."

Sassy's head jerked up. Why, this was just what she and Mrs. Charles had been trying to tell Gabe: food was important. If even the merchant seamen thought so, why couldn't Gabe understand?

She turned to face him, and realized for the first time that

he was talking—that he must have been talking for some time. She'd been too engrossed to hear him.

"... So then I got to thinking over what I said to you about that mechanic in your story last night. And believe me, Sas, I was right. Only I didn't go far enough. Trained farmers are just as essential these days as good mechanics."

"What did you say, Gabe?"

He was very busy drying a plate.

"You heard me. If those guys could risk their lives to get a load of food delivered—I mean, if food's that important—well, I'm trained to raise it so I guess I should stay and do it."

Sassy felt dazed, like a character in a comic movie who is standing on a rock in the middle of a stream, and all of a sudden the rock turns out to be a hippopotamus just coming up for air. Only it wasn't funny. It was somehow sort of solemn.

"I see what you mean, Gabe," she said.

Gabe didn't seem to notice that it wasn't a very adequate reply.

"So as long as I'm going to be around here for a while anyhow," he was saying, talking very rapidly and not looking at her, "why don't we get together on that story of yours? I think we could fix it up so it might be pretty good. We could make it show that mechanics have a big job to do even if it isn't as much fun as being a pilot or something. You know—write it from a different point of view."

Sassy wanted to tell Gabe how wonderful she thought he was, but she knew she'd better not.

"That would be swell," she said. She kept her face turned away because, for the second time in two days—and for no reason in the world this time—she was afraid she was going to cry. "I'm sure you're right, Gabe," she said quickly, very businesslike. "About the point of view, I mean. You know, that's one of the most important things an author has to worry about in writing a story."



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33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
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40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
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44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
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